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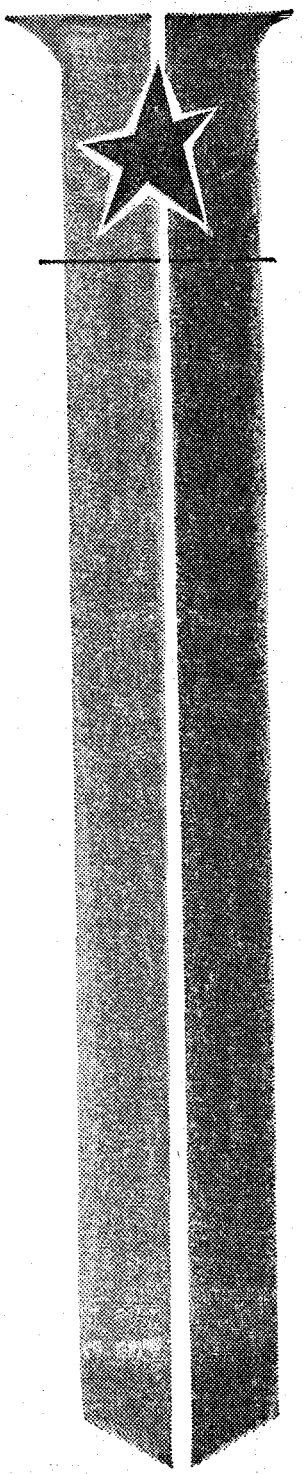

FEUDING for SPACE

The Air Force Wants It All

Carl Dreher

PRISON NOTES OF a FREEDOM RIDER

Robert Martinson

KENNEDY'S FIRST YEAR

A Review of Five Books

James MacGregor Burns

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LETTERS

The Green Murder Case

Dear Sirs: In John Lofton's "Trial by Fury" [Nov. 25], he blames the conviction of Gerald Wentzel in the Miriam Green murder case in Pottstown, Pa., on *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "Then the headlines began promising an arrest," he relates. "After this build-up of expectations an arrest was made." Later he reports that "two and one-half years after Wentzel began serving a ten-to-twenty-year sentence, another man confessed to the crime. Though this occurrence did not bring about Wentzel's immediate release, it started a train of further investigation which finally brought him freedom through action by the State Board of Pardons."

This inference is clear: *The Philadelphia Inquirer* convicted Wentzel and it took the Pardon Board to correct the miscarriage of justice. However, the facts are wrong: (1) The confession, by a Pottstown soldier stationed in Germany and convicted of another crime, was later repudiated; (2) It was the Pottstown (Pa.) *Mercury* which started the investigation which led to Wentzel's freedom, not the Pardon Board, and the investigation started long before the repudiated confession.

I hope that Mr. Lofton will correct his inaccuracies and omissions before his book is published. PAUL F. LEVY
Reporter, *The Mercury*
Pottstown, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Levy says the "inference is clear" from my article that *"The Philadelphia Inquirer* convicted Wentzel." There is no reason to draw such an inference. At the beginning of my narration of the Wentzel case, I said: "Manifestly the press is not the sole cause of injustice. But its *contributing role* [italics added] in making the innocent suffer is obvious from a check of some of Professor Borchard's and Judge Frank's cases."

What I objected to in the *Inquirer's* coverage was its extravagant attention to and emphasis on what the district attorney said and its unqualified acceptance at one point of what the prosecution was claiming. The headline said: "Police Know Murderer of Divorcee." It should have said: "Police Claim They Know Green Slayer."

Mr. Levy's own paper, in its early coverage of the Green murder, gave the same lavish attention to the prosecution side as did *The Inquirer*. Moreover, *The Mercury* prejudged the case when it said in a news story in its Dec. 12, 1946, issue: ". . . the finger of guilt, which had pointed steadily to Green [the victim's husband] all day Tuesday, swung with sudden directness to Wentzel yesterday morning. . . ."

If *The Mercury* later led the investigation which freed Wentzel, I am pleased to know it and, upon further checking, I will report and salute this unusual service to justice in my book. Neither the Pardon Board (in its official recommendation) nor Judge Frank referred to *The Mercury's* role in Wentzel's vindication. JOHN LOFTON
Pittsburgh, Pa.

3rd Printing Of 'JUGGERNAUT'

To keep up with the continued demand, we have just ordered a third printing of our special issue, "JUGGERNAUT: The Warfare State," by Fred J. Cook. Recently we received an order from a *Nation* reader in Villefranche sur Mer, France, which pleased us especially. It read: "I enclose check for $200. I request you to use this sum to distribute copies of 'JUGGERNAUT' in the United States." We are using this remittance, together with similar ones from other readers, to finance distribution of the issue to neighborhood, campus and other small groups whose interests usually outrun their budgets.

Orders for "JUGGERNAUT" should be addressed to *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., N.Y. 14, N.Y. Enclose payment with your order at the following rates: single copy, 50c; 10 copies, $4; 50 copies, $17.50; 100 copies, $30; 500 copies, $125. — EDITORS.

Why Hitler Lost

Dear Sirs: With each passing day, U.S. German policy becomes more incredible. The convicted war criminal, Foersch, is in command of West German Armed Forces; Nazi General Hans Speidel commands NATO ground forces, including U.S. troops; "major war-criminal list" Adolf Heusinger heads NATO planning; Admiral Gerhard Wagner, Hitler's naval planner, commands the Northern Naval Sector of NATO and Herman Goering's Ernst Kusserow heads the Air Defense staff of NATO in Central Europe. Now, according to Associated Press, the U.S. Secretary of Defense has decorated General Joseph Kammhuber with the Legion of Merit for reorganizing the German Air Forces.

Were the Germans right who told me, as I left Germany in October, 1947, that the only thing wrong with Hitler was that he had lost the war—and that he had lost it only because the United States was on the wrong side?

HUGH B. HESTER
Brigadier General (U.S.A., Ret.)
St. Petersburg, Fla.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Mandarins vs. Communists

It is one of the marks of a great power that it never admits a mistake or a failure, and the United States is no exception. All through November the customers of the American press were treated to the spectacle of Uncle Sam, in the persons of Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor and United States Ambassador Frederick E. Nolting, twisting the arm of President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam. The purpose of this cruelty was a salutary one—to persuade Diem to institute political and organizational reforms in order to fight the Communist Viet Cong more effectively. It appears, however, that the Presidential arm was not twisted through the requisite angle, and it is Uncle Sam who has capitulated. The United States is now actively engaged in the South Vietnamese war with troops, helicopters and transport aircraft, military dogs and all the other accouterments of guerrilla fighting. Further, according to *Newsweek* (January 1), the United States is furnishing the means to carry the war to North Vietnam. But Diem is arresting recalcitrant citizens as before; Takashi Oka, the East Asia correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor,* estimates he may have as many as 40,000 in South Vietnam jails. A large number are said to be non-Communists with political persuasions ranging from neutralism to right-wing extremism.

Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips (USA, Ret.) tells essentially the same story in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* Two years ago, Diem told him that Western-style parliamentary government was unsuitable for Vietnam. "First," Diem said, "we must establish a moral system (the mandarin system) similar to the old order in Vietnam (before the French colonial system). Eventually, we will lay a democratic foundation in Vietnam, which will be based both on Eastern political systems and on our national tradition from the viewpoint of rank and morality." Democracy is in the sweet by and by, if ever.

Despite Uncle Sam's indulgence, Diem's position remains insecure. General Phillips writes: "Diem operates a police state, with secret police harassment, arbitrary arrest and police brutality, political prisons and economic favoritism." The saying is that he who causes many to be afraid, has himself many to fear. A number of high-level officials of Diem's regime have tried to flee, and some have succeeded. *The Nation* reported on one such case in its issue of December 9 (p. 461). Now Diem's principal opponent, Dr. Pham Huy Co, has arrived in this country. He, too, is quite explicit: Diem is actually leading South Vietnam into Communist hands. "The regime," he reports, "is an abscess. Subversion is a fever. Cut away the abscess and the fever will fall." (Pham is a former member of the Hanoi medical faculty.) "You can't fight communism," he warns, "with mandarins."

How many such warnings do we need? Granted that the options are few and the risks grave, have we either the moral or political right to impose such a regime as Diem's on the people of South Vietnam, even if the stated purpose is to prevent further Communist encroachment? Granted, also, that the hour is late and that Diem holds some trump cards, isn't now the time to clarify American aims and purposes rather than to continue to tie American prestige to Diem's sinking ship? Better that we should risk all on a gamble that might win than that we should continue to shore up this absurd mandarin and his rotten regime.

Jove Nods

Walter Lippmann has injected so much sense and sanity into the fevered debates of our time that *The Nation* seldom has occasion to disagree with him. But Mr. Lippmann can be wrong, and it seems to *The Nation* that he is very wrong indeed when he argues that the resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere is a matter for experts, not for laymen. If there was ever a technical question which was moral and political as well, nuclear testing is that question. Adlai Stevenson even made it something of a partisan political issue when, late in the 1956 campaign, he suggested that a moratorium on nuclear testing might be in the interest of the United States. President Kennedy is presently under intense pressure from one group of experts, in or allied with the Pentagon, to resume testing, while other experts are undecided and still others are violently op-

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posed. The political screws are also being turned on him by the ultra-rightists, to whom any form of violence is a sovereign remedy for all the country's ills and, counter-clockwise, by the rapidly growing number of housewives, mothers, fathers, professors and all manner of laymen who, by a process which goes back millions of years before there were experts, would like to live and see their children live.

The President has said as much; according to dispatches from London, he told Prime Minister Macmillan that both scientific considerations and domestic political pressures were involved in the decision to resume or not to resume. To remain silent in such a situation, merely because one does not know the number of neutrons in an atom of uranium, is to abdicate one's responsibilities as a citizen. And let no one imagine that if testing is resumed, it will be the old-fashioned variety initiated by our experts in 1945, only on a bigger scale. This is all passé. One cute experiment which the experts hope soon to make involves the Army's Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile and the Air Force's Atlas ICBM. There is nothing like realism in these matters, and what the experts would like to do is to fire the Atlas over the Pacific with a full-size nuclear warhead—something around four megatons—and let the Nike Zeus, likewise nuclear-tipped, try to intercept it. The results would indeed be interesting. The Nike-Zeus might explode the Atlas in the air, or the Atlas might go on triumphantly to explode on or off target, or it might be totally incapacitated. If the Army fails the first time, it will naturally (and quite justifiably) cry for another chance; if the Air Force loses, it will (again justifiably) demand a retrial with the Atlas emitting decoys. If the first decoys are ineffective, better ones will be devised, and so on. In this duel hundreds of megatons could be exploded and the experts would remain unsatisfied.

That way madness lies. The only way to scotch the madness is to discuss the question. A question involving the very existence of the human race is surely one on which each member should have a say. It is the last matter in the world on which authority should have the final word. If enough Americans protest, the experts may still be saved from themselves.

The Radical Right Has a Program

A basic weakness of the radical Right, so some of its spokesmen tell us, is that it does not know what it is *for*, only what it is *against*. Apparently these spokesmen are not listening to what their noisy myrmidons are saying out across the country. If the spokesmen would only listen to these "activists," they would not need to be so apologetic about the movement they purport to lead. Consider, for example, a recent speech by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker at a mass meeting in Pensacola's municipal auditorium sponsored by the Navy League. Rickenbacker, of course, is a long-time favorite of the radical Right, and a likely Secretary of Defense in a Goldwater Cabinet. What he had to say on this occasion was echoed by the speakers at the recent Project Alert rally in Los Angeles, including Mr. Loyd Wright who, if he decides to oppose Senator Kuchel in the Republican primary this spring, will put Senator Goldwater's political loyalties to a severe test.

Rickenbacker is *for* a great many things. He wants to get the United States out of the U.N.; to sever relations not merely with the USSR but — his phrase — with "other so-called neutrals"; to repeal the income tax, abolish foreign aid, crack down on organized labor, re-establish the value of the dollar, reassert the "autonomy and sovereignty" of the fifty American states, jettison some "700 large government corporations" (the "corporations" are not named, but the context suggests TVA and other public authorities; their sale to private enterprise might, Rickenbacker believes, realize up to $100 billion for the federal treasury). Rickenbacker is *for* General Walker and Katanga; he wants to eliminate federal bureaucrats who "sweep like vultures over cities large and small to invest and assault the countryside"; he would impose an economic and military blockade against Cuba and thereby explode it "like a toy balloon"; he would have us fight, fight, fight "for God's sake — for honor, for our undying souls," for we are "encircled on three sides."

Admittedly, this is not the *full* program of the radical Right. Some among them favor the impeachment of the Chief Justice and the closing down of mental-health clinics; others would double the military budget while eliminating the income tax, etc. But Rickenbacker has stated a basic program that the radical Right is pushing from Florida to Southern California. No doubt this program and its active proponents have become quite an embarrassment to some so-called "conservatives" — Senator Goldwater, for one — but the public is entitled to know that the radical Right *does* have a program. And while the program may be a bit too crude and blatant for Senator Goldwater, it was from this same well of frustration and frothy nonsense that he drew his initial inspiration. In all fairness, he should not be permitted to repudiate the old-fashioned, blunt, two-fisted, God-fearing Americans who have rallied to his standard.

Ghost at the Bargaining Table

The ghost is automation, and it is a specter that neither silence nor evasion nor ridicule can exorcise. It has been brought to the fore by Local 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, which wires office and apartment buildings in New York City. Local 3 is prepared to go on strike for a 20-hour week, as a spread-the-work measure. The anomaly is that the Local 3 electricians are not themselves in a distressed

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condition. They are already on a 30-hour week, plus five hours of guaranteed overtime a week. They get $4.40 an hour on straight time, plus $6.60 for the hour of overtime, for a total of $33 a day—more if more overtime is worked. Nor is Local 3 afflicted with unemployment; the New York building boom is keeping all the members busy and 1,000 apprentices are being trained at a union-controlled school.

Not unnaturally, the worst possible construction is being put on the union demands by the employers and the press. The 20-hour week, the contractors say, is simply a device to extract a huge wage increase from the industry. And *The New York Times,* horrified at the prospect of a four-hour day, asks why not "a no-hour day and a no-day week?"

To this *reductio ad absurdum,* Harry Van Arsdale, Jr., the business manager of Local 3, made an effective reply: "I would submit with the utmost seriousness that the no-hour day and the no-day week have existed for some time in our society." He points to the five million unemployed and the additional millions only partially employed. "Local 3 has raised the four-hour-day question," Mr. Van Arsdale asserts, "because we are concerned for the future of the economy. It is a concern which arises from the deepening sense of insecurity among working people as the age of automation envelops American industry."

The Nation does not know Mr. Van Arsdale's motives and cannot predict his future maneuvers, either in the present controversy or in other situations. All that is certain is that he has spoken out in meeting on a question that cannot be disposed of by pretending it does not exist (see Walter Buckingham's article on "White-Collar Automation," page 10). Aside from relief or investments, which Americans don't like in the one case and most don't have in the other, people can live only by working. No one has discovered any means of coping with the human problems of automation except by reducing the work week. If anyone has a better solution, it will be eagerly received by economists, the plain people and the President himself. If the electrical contractors have one, they have kept it to themselves; all they have done so far is oppose a solution. If Mr. Van Arsdale has done nothing else, he has forced New York to consider the issues, and to do some thinking. The nation will have to think too, for this is a national problem. Local 3 may have started a pilot project.

Idiot's Delight

The wars of which Robert Sherwood wrote were paragons of reason compared with the threatened conflict between the Netherlands and Indonesia over Dutch New Guinea or, as the Indonesians prefer to call it, West Irian. Most of Sherwood's wars involved some actual national advantages, such as economic prizes, although the war might be more expensive than anything that could possibly be gained. A war over Dutch New Guinea, in contrast, must be one of pure altruism, sentiment or insanity. "New Guinea," *The Wall Street Journal* explains, "is a land of suffocating, sultry heat, jagged mountains, sprawling jungles and malarial swamps." The population is estimated at 730,000, only half of whom have ever seen a white man. Few have ever heard of Holland, which clings so desperately to the territory, or Indonesia, whose citizens are called on to die that West Irian may be Indonesian forevermore. Illiteracy is the rule. Many of the people, culturally, are not yet in the Neolithic age. Cooking utensils are largely unknown; cooking is done on hot stones, if at all. The currency in much of the area is the cowrie shell. Half a dozen cowrie shells, according to the *Wall Street Journal* market report, will buy a wife. And she stays bought, for if the husband dies she may be killed for burial next to him. If she speaks the same language, she must be from the same village, for about a thousand languages are spoken in Dutch New Guinea, none mutually intelligible. The place is, in short, approximately on a par with the Antarctic continent, which cannot support an indigenous population at all. The chief difference between them is that one is a cold hell and the other a hot one.

That the *Wall Street Journal* report is not too bearish many ex-servicemen who spent time in New Guinea in World War II can attest. But perhaps it contains rich minerals for future development? Petroleum is indeed exported, but the reserves are running out and the Netherlands New Guinea Petroleum Company has invested $100 million since 1936 and earned back less than $35 million. Spices and crocodile skins are other exports. The Dutch have had to subsidize their colony at the rate of $26 million a year. Their reward was the expropriation of $1.5 *billion* of Dutch property in Indonesia in 1957, in retaliation for their refusal to hand over West Irian to Sukarno's legions. Now Sukarno has contracted to buy $400 million worth of arms from the Soviet Union and has issued a command for total mobilization of his army of some 500,000 men and all civilians. Every loyal Indonesian must be prepared to die that the Indonesian flag may fly over West Irian. Besides Bob Sherwood, Voltaire, Swift, Ambrose Bierce and Mark Twain must be turning over in their graves.

That two nations should threaten to go "to the brink" over the destinies of a third people, which neither contestant can honestly purport to represent, and where the stakes are largely prestige and remembered glory, is a measure of the diminishing light of reason in world affairs. Faced with such idiocy, one can only sympathize with the probable Papuan preference for their own forms of savagery.

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Prison Notes of a Freedom Rider . . *Robert Martinson*

THE FREEDOM RIDES began as an effort to enforce the Supreme Court decision in the *Boynton* case, but quickly developed into a prolonged, nation-wide campaign to fill the jails of Mississippi. This strategic shift in emphasis—from Freedom Ride to "jail-in"—was improvised under great pressure as a response to the unyielding tactics of Southern officialdom. Against the deadly reality of a "century of litigation" there seems to be no alternative to direct action.

Any form of direct action in the South today may lead to jailings. (The mass arrest of hundreds in Albany, Georgia and New Orleans are only the most dramatic recent cases in point.) Nevertheless, the "jail-in" —a deliberate, planned effort to fill the jails—is something new. On a small scale, the jail-in received its most severe test in the Maximum Security cell block of the State Penitentiary at Parchmann, Mississippi.

What does it mean to go to jail for freedom? How did the Freedom Riders stand up to this difficult test?

I joined the first California contingent which left San Francisco on June 17 and was arrested in Jackson, Miss., on June 22. I spent thirty-nine days in jail—a week in the Jackson city jail, two weeks in Maximum Security and about a week in an all-white male dormitory. I have returned to Jackson twice since my release, the first time in response to a mass arraignment, and again to have my second trial in front of a court of record. I spent three weeks of intensive training at a CORE institute in Virginia and, in my spare moments, I have attended press conferences, given talks and walked on picket lines. I do not think my experience is atypical. I do not remember any passionate desire to spend a good part of my life commuting between San Francisco and Jackson. By its legalistic maneuvers, the State of Mississippi has transformed me—and how many hundreds of others?—into practically full-time civil-rights militants. This is only the most obvious result of America's first organized jail-in.

It is really laughable to read the often repeated charge that we were "paid agitators" or, in another version, "hardened racial troublemakers." We were, if anything, the typical American "innocents abroad," totally unprepared to cope with the curious customs of Southern justice, completely untrained in nonviolence. Armed with nothing but our good intentions, we traveled across half a continent to lend our bodies to the struggle against bigotry. If my own informal poll is correct, very few of the Riders were previously active in civil rights, especially those from the North. They were not professionals; they were not even CORE members. If the truth be known, the Riders received their "training" from the State of Mississippi, not from the NAACP.

OUR GROUP of fifteen volunteers was probably not too atypical. There were twelve whites and three Negroes, ranging in age from eighteen to thirty-four. About half of the group had lived or worked in the South at one time or another; two were from New Orleans. They came from many walks of life, but a good percentage were students or ex-students. One man left behind a wife and two small children. We were joined at the last minute by Father Grant Muse, who came with the blessings of his Bishop, the Rt. Reverend James A. Pike of the Episcopal church. Looking back on it, our ignorance of what was to come was truly astonishing.

Our "training" in New Orleans consisted of an afternoon of lectures given by CORE staff member Jim McCain, who worked under the constant fear of arrest. With the best will in the world, he could not prepare us for the unknown. It became increasingly clear that we were involved in a "movement" rather than a planned offensive. As the crush of Riders streamed through the New Orleans check-point, the most that could be accomplished was to reduce the confusion to some sort of order. It was a heroic effort at organization improvised under the most difficult conditions.

In Jackson, everything was routine and efficiency. Our arrest produced headlines back home in the San Francisco Bay Area, but it was just another day in the busy life of Captain Ray of the Jackson city police. As our mixed group entered the "white" waiting room at the train depot, he issued his famous command for the umpteenth time before the small crowd of onlookers: "Move on." We refused. We were under arrest at last!

THE OPERATION had been rationalized with true American ingenuity and worked with wondrous speed. Captain Ray, looking more harassed than ferocious, checked us off on a list that had been phoned to him by the CORE staff in New Orleans. Everyone was present. The paddy wagon was ready with its special detail of officers; Judge Spencer of the municipal court was ready; our lawyer was ready. The sentence of four months and $200 was by now routine. As we passed through the various stages of confinement—fingerprinting, photographing, questioning —we were treated with grim but frigid politeness. I felt more like an inductee than a prisoner. There was a little banter as we waited to be questioned by the overburdened officials. Captain Ray had worked up some rather devastating repartee and many of the Riders were eager

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to test their wits against the enemy, now that he seemed so human. After all, shouldn't the spirit of nonviolence melt the heart of the most rigid nonbeliever?

And in truth the Riders left a permanent, ineffaceable mark on the jails of Mississippi. They were a new kind of prisoner. Young, eager to communicate and cooperate, yet determined, they presented an almost insoluble problem for the police mind. Their very existence in such numbers constituted a continuous threat to the caste system and to the hoary traditions of prison life.

The burden of the state was multiplied by the need for special treatment. The Riders had to be separated from other prisoners, especially from Negroes who might get bad ideas. And with good reason, since the Riders took every opportunity to explain, to argue, to make jokes about Ol' Jim Crow, to preach philosophy and morality to their jailers, and to sing their never-ending songs about such upsetting subjects as equality and freedom and love. Even worse, the Riders just could not react properly to threats and punishment. They went on hunger strikes; they volunteered en masse for solitary confinement; they demanded their "rights," not understanding that they had none.

FOR example, one night Captain Ray stalked in with an ultimatum: stop singing or go to solitary. Six of us volunteered. I don't know who was more surprised, ourselves or Captain Ray, but the die was cast (as they say). The door to solitary clanked shut on me. I had managed to smuggle in my glasses and a book and I read for a few minutes from a tiny slit of light under the door. The cell was about six by six by nine feet; it had a hole in the floor for elimination, but was otherwise bare and clammy. Soon the word was out. The jail began to rock with freedom songs, shouts of encouragement and cries of shame. I heard a girl's voice: "Father Muse is in solitary!" After about forty-five minutes, the door clanked open. Both sides beat a strategic retreat in this instance. We kept singing—but we lowered our voices.

This kind of incident was repeated endlessly. The Riders were being trained by experts. How many thousands of young people are receiving similar educations in the South?

The State of Mississippi finally evolved a rather predictable answer to the problem of isolating the mounting numbers of Riders. Governor Barnett vetoed the dangerous idea of forcing the Riders to pick cotton on the county prison farm and made the fateful decision to send them to the State Penitentiary at Parchmann with the flimsy excuse that there was no room elsewhere. Convicted of a misdemeanor, the Riders were henceforth to be treated as the worst felons!

Thirteen of us were packed into the back of a small, jeep-sized truck. We moved about until we "integrated" the truck and kept changing places in order to ease our aching legs. Our trip was a nightmare of jolts, sudden stops and screaming sirens. As we passed through the small towns on the way North through the delta area, Sheriff Gilfoy's siren moaned the glad tidings to his constituents, who stopped momentarily to watch the latest load of Riders bound for Parchmann.

We smoked our last cigarettes and silently prayed there would be no breakdown. Compared to this somnolent countryside, with its miles and miles of cotton fields and field hands, Parchmann, in anticipation, seemed like a haven. In my Yankee imagination it all looked like a movie set from *Gone with the Wind*. I found myself humming a little song taught me by a Rider from New Orleans:

> There's a man on a big, white hoss;
> Don' know his name, but they call him boss.

The Maximum Security Unit at Parchmann State Penitentiary is a one-story, cement-block structure composed of two wings. It is surrounded by a high, barbed-wire fence with guard towers at the corners. It is a prison within a prison, especially designed to break the spirit of the toughest felon. It contains the Prison's Death Row and the electric chair. (The girl Riders were put in that wing.) The inmates are caged in small, two-man cells and look out upon a bare cement corridor bathed

in perpetual light. There are three sets of electrically-operated doors between them and the precious freedom they have forgone. The doors clang open and shut with an unearthly crash, setting the nerves on edge. It was in this grim mausoleum that the Riders received their last and most memorable lessons.

IT IS impossible to prepare anyone for the humiliating, brutal atmosphere of even the best prison. There are no rules, no precedents.

From the beginning, the gloves were off. We stripped before the guards and a few local notables and rolled our clothes into a bundle. (We stood paralyzed for a few moments while Father Muse patiently explained that he could not give up his only remaining garment—the Holy Sacrament—which he had strapped around his naked body.) We walked barefooted, two by two, into our cages and stood there embarrassed, naked, outraged.

We could see about two inches of the faces of our immediate neighbors and quickly learned the views of the "voices" which made up our little world. Views there were, of all sizes, shapes and intensities. The cell block—like Sartre's *No Exit*—was a constant torment of argument, dogma, prayer and song. The group had elected a spokesman—CORE National Director James Farmer (the guards called him "Farmer Boy")—who somehow managed to maintain an immense dignity while

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holding up, with one hand, an oversized pair of prison briefs.

The group divided the day into periods and desperately tried to stick to a rough schedule. After breakfast (grits, coffee, molasses and white bread) came devotions—a period of prayer and song usually led by one of the ministers. This was followed by a special time set aside for debate and argument. (Bitter wrangling about tactics had threatened to undermine the precarious solidarity of the "voices.") After lunch came the "quiet hour" to sleep away the interminable afternoon. After dinner there were devotions once more and then blessed sleep—if it came.

Votes were necessary to settle the never-ending debates that broke out over large matters or small. There were many strategies and many tactics offered; everyone had to "resist," each in his own way. Any creative act, no matter how small, was automatically a violation of prison discipline.

Imagine the frustration of maintaining democracy under such physical conditions. Someone in cell No. 2 on the far side makes a motion which is ponderously passed from cell to cell, to our "pivot man" and down the thirteen cells on our side. Assuming the motion managed this precarious passage without distortion (or objection), the debate began. Each person's remarks and interpolations had again to be passed around the block. After everyone had had his full say, the voting would begin. "How does cell No. 4 vote?" "One for, one against." "O.K. Cell No. 5, what about you?" "Two abstentions. We want to explain our abstentions." A series of low groans would break out. This democratic spirit was doggedly defended to the very end. The Freedom Riders would not conform to the authoritarian structure of prison life.

In Parchmann, we had only ourselves to rely upon for passing the time — no games, cards or reading matter, no cigarettes, no exercise, nothing but time, endlessly advancing in minutes, hours, days. So some chewed white bread into paste and made chess sets. Others constructed tiny decks of cards. Some sang and told stories or played Twenty Questions. Others moaned or shouted unexpectedly. Some went on hunger strikes and others went to solitary, where they were joined by their brothers. At the twice-weekly showers, some creative souls draped themselves in sheets and mimed subversive morality plays before the outraged guards. And at times the cell block rang with an almost maniacal roar as the Riders (innocent no more) shouted in unison against the outrage done to their bodies and souls.

And yet even here the spirit of the movement prevailed. In these almost hopeless conditions the democratic forms continued. Solidarity was somehow recaptured through song, prayer and discussion. Even our nemesis—Deputy Sheriff Thyssen—seemed a little surprised, even curious. He asked a young Negro why he was smiling and received no answer. He repeated the question in his deadly way: "Boy, what you got to smile about? You in jail, you know."

"Sheriff," he answered, "you just wouldn't understand. I'm smiling because I'm free."

And I was witness to the fact that, indeed, a new kind of freedom—tough, critical, unsentimental, knowing—is being forged in the jails and prisons of the South. Those who emerge from these jails will never be the same again. They will go on to fight other battles and train other Riders. Mississippi will learn that it has aided the process it set out to hinder: it has educated the ignorant and trained the naive. From the depths of their cells in the Maximum Security Unit at Parchmann, the Riders have shown the entire nation the depths of their attachment to freedom and democracy and the truth of one of their songs:

> The only chain a man can stand
> Is the chain of hand in hand.

FEUDING FOR SPACE . . *by Carl Dreher*

TRADE associations are not straws, but they show which way the wind blows. In 1959 the Aircraft Industries Association, the coordinating and public-relations arm of the aircraft fabricating companies, burgeoned forth as the Aerospace Industries Association. The change was in recognition of the waning importance of military aircraft and the rising role of rockets and missiles. If it were not for the uneuphonious sound, the United States Air Force might well follow suit: soon it will be logging more mileage in vacuum than in air. The militarization of space under the direction of the aerospace forces of the United States and the Soviet Union is proceeding apace and during the next few years can hardly be reversed except by a nuclear war, which would simultaneously reverse everything else.

Our own space planners are even more prolific in their projections and promotions than are those of the enemy. A few years ago our creative spirits came up with Project Midas, an orbiting infrared detector designed to give warning of the ascent of an ICBM. Midas is impeccable; if the Soviets would only refrain from launching ICBMs, it would have nothing to detect—except our own ICBMs. Defense, however, does not stop with detection and the Air Force has little confidence in the Army's Nike Zeus, designed to destroy the ICBM in the terminal phase, as it hurtles down on the target. The Air Force wants to go after the ICBM in the boost phase, when it is a sitting duck, comparatively speaking. This system, which goes under the innocent-sounding

CARL DREHER, an engineer turned writer, has long been observing, for The Nation, *the social and political implications of the technological-arms race.*

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name of Project Bambi (Ballistic Missile Booster Interceptor) is being studied by Convair, Hughes Aircraft and Space Technology Laboratories. The members of this consortium, who get $1,250,000 apiece or slightly more, are naturally bound by vows of secrecy, but an unsuccessful bidder, North American's Autonetics Division, was permitted to present its own analysis before the American Rocket Society as a sort of consolation prize, or perhaps in the hope of being included in the study class after all. This paper, by Rudy R. Mueller, is an eye opener even for those who thought they had become inured to the labyrinthine intricacies of space technology.

In the boost phase, the ICBM is a target only for some two minutes, after the infrared sensor has picked it up and while the rocket fuel is still burning. The intercepting missile must swoop down during this brief period. It must, therefore, be within a few hundred miles of the launch site at the time of launch. Since the interceptor is orbiting, it is more likely to be on the opposite side of the earth, or in some other can't-reach location. Even if thousands of Bambis were put in the most favorable orbits relative to ICBM bases in the Soviet Union, it would be providential indeed if one of them happened to be in the right spot at the right time.

THE proposed solution is to install a computer aboard each Bambi to decide whether that Bambi, or a nearby brother Bambi, is in a position to dispose of the ICBM in question. The computer will then set the missile on the proper course and speed it up by means of rockets so that it will get near enough to the ICBM to home on it. According to the analysis, this will reduce the number of Bambis required for coverage from over 3,600 to perhaps as few as 800 or 1,000—surely a worthwhile saving. But since the equipment aboard will be very complex and, with no one to maintain it, the failure rate will be high, this will require "redundancy" — duplication — so that at least one Bambi will be capable of evaluation, transiting into the right trajectory, homing and firing. So again the number increases. However you go about it, this is a really complicated and expensive situation.

The Air Force presently has nothing in space beyond the study or early R & D stage, yet it is firmly convinced that there will be combat in space. The Bambi system shows that this is a self-fulfilling prophecy. There is little doubt that the student corporations will find the system feasible. On paper, most systems are, and the corporations, with the most patriotic intentions, are primarily interested in building hardware, contracts for which are far more alluring than study contracts can ever be. So motivated, the corporations may succeed in creating operational Bambis. What we arrive at, then, is an orbital massif of at least a thousand U.S. Bambis bearing nuclear warheads over the Soviet Union, and an equivalent number of Soviet Bambis continually flying over the United States. Despite the strictly defensive purposes of all those Damoclean vehicles, their ceaseless orbiting will make the aerospace defenders of the superpowers understandably nervous, and they will devise super-Bambi systems to bring down the Bambis which so menace the peace and security of their respective fatherlands. In fact, our own Air Force is already busy with plans to study, design and orbit satellites to inspect and, if necessary, attack, putatively hostile satellites. Like Jonathan Swift's fleas, which had smaller fleas to bite them, the interceptors will be intercepted, and so on *ad infinitum*. And the chances of mistaken identities and accidental explosions will be of roughly the same order.

THE CHIEF menace to the spatial ambitions of the Air Force is not the Soviet Union, however. On the contrary, the Soviets are belligerent cooperators of our space-combat planners, and we oblige in return. It is the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) that lies athwart the path to the Air Force's limitless domain. This is because the big space project of the sixties is to land men on the moon and the Eisenhower administration assigned the moon to NASA. The Kennedy Administration has not negated the title and at the moment the Air Force is running behind with only about $1.1 billion allocated for its space research in fiscal 1962, as against $1.7 billion for NASA. Moreover, some extrapolations, or printed guesses, show NASA rising to $5 billion annually by 1965, while the Air Force will in that year be starving on only $2 billion (about the cost of the entire Manhattan Project) for its space activities.

This is extremely irksome and alarming to the Air Force for a number of reasons. One is that at least $50 billion will be spent during the decade for space exploration, and the total may rise as high as $150 billion. The Air Force wants its fair share and, like any other governmental body, its idea of a fair share is all it can get. But not only money is involved. To the Air Force command personality, the idea of a satellite circling without a bomb in it is abhorrent, somewhat like a gelded human being. Nor is a bomb enough. Ideally, the satellite should house both a man (aided by a computer) and a bomb, with the bombardier defying the hostile forces of both man and nature. NASA, for the present, finds enough to cope with in the forces of nature.

THE RIVALRY between NASA and the Air Force broke out into the open at the American Rocket Society's convention, held in mid-October in New York City. While calls for cooperation resounded in the lecture halls and press conferences, a certain amount of infighting was noted by the vigilant newsmen. General Bernard A. Schriever, Commanding General of the Air Force Systems Command, responsible for conceiving and developing new aerospace weapons, told the delegates that "the ability to operate in space may well be the key to our national survival." He sounded this theme at press conferences, a big luncheon meeting, private interviews, televised panel sessions and wherever a crowd could be gathered to hear the word—and a four-star general can always gather a crowd. He sounded it again at the American Assembly of sixty-

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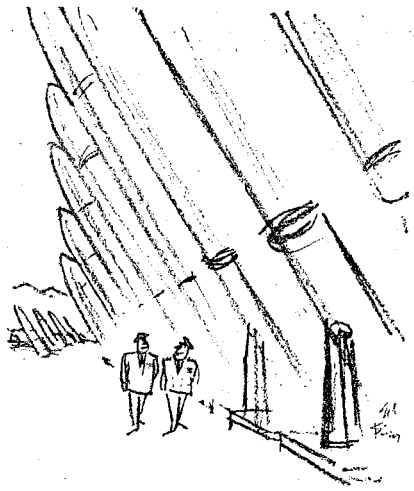
five top business and scientific, military and political leaders at Arden House in Harriman, N. Y., the following week. *Business Week* summed it up: "It was clear that the Air Force intends to throw off the fetters that the Eisenhower administration placed on military space programs."

Schriever handled himself well—he usually does. He is one of those characters of managerial-politico cast who can state the obvious as if it were new and portentous. His message to the American Rocket Society was that space is indivisible—that any distinction between military and civilian uses is unrealistic and, what is more, "inhibiting" to him and the Systems Command. By either prescience or prearrangement, the boss spaceman, Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson, echoed the Schriever doctrine at the Society's banquet at the Waldorf the following evening.

Schriever also knows his way around technologically. His talents are enhanced by the fact that he is handsome enough for Hollywood stardom, but without a trace of Hollywood blarney; in his public presence, he is as lacking in charm as Lindbergh. But that is an asset; it makes everything he says sound sincere and authentic. And he *is* sincere. He identifies his political objective with the country's security ("space power is peace power") and builds his empire in a spirit of selfless patriotism.

IT IS A formidable empire and it is bound to keep on growing. The Systems Command now has over 62,000 bodies and accounts for about 40 per cent of the annual USAF budget. It is expected that the Command will disburse a total of $60 billion during the development and production cycles of the weapon systems now under its control. These involve some 35,000 contracts with industry. This impressive assemblage does not include weapons in the incubation stage, such as Bambi; nor, naturally, weapons completely unforeseen (and there are going to be plenty of those). Thus there is no necessary limit to the growth of the Schriever empire, and of course Schriever himself is as sure as any man can be at his age—he is



"By God, I'm beginning to feel safe again."

fifty-one—of becoming Air Force Chief of Staff in the fullness of time. And the fullness of time may transform the Air Force Chief of Staff into the commander of all the Armed Forces of the United States.

SCHRIEVER or no Schriever, the relationship between NASA and the Air Force will continue to be ambivalent. Each will respect the necessities of their coupling and the national situation; each will simultaneously carry on a covert war against the other. The appearance of cooperation will be supported by a significant degree of actual cooperation, with each side assuring the public that its demands are based solely on national security. Whatever incursions are made on the other's domain will not be too flagrantly in conflict with Executive or Congressional directives. Yet constant probing is necessary to discover the limits of what can be got away with.

Over-all, the ratio of contention to cooperation will depend on how underprivileged one party or the other feels, and this will depend not only on the division of space appropriations between the two, but on the total allotted by Congress. It is difficult to conceive of any absolute level of satiety, but if there are enough billions to feed on, an era of relative good feeling may be confidently predicted. It will last, however, only as long as the appropriations remain above a certain critical level. Thus when Congress appropriates, it will be paying not only for research and hardware, but for minimization of handicapping, or even temporarily incapacitating, intramural conflict.

Appropriations alone cannot obviate clashes of interest. There will be trouble over personnel, for instance. Against System Command's 62,000, NASA, for the present, is aiming at only 21,000. But some of these will be hard-to-get administrative, scientific and engineering personnel. The services, NASA, the think factories and universities, as well as industry, must all vie for the technological elect. NASA has announced that its recruiters will visit thirty cities in a drive to hire some 2,000 scientists and engineers by June 30, 1962. It wants another 1,500 men for administrative and support positions. This alone will intensify the organized seduction of people with space know-how. While moonlighting in disguised form is not uncommon among high-level scientists, most men can work for only one employer at a time and what is NASA's gain will be some other organization's loss.

THE principal *raison d'être* of the aerospace think factories is to obtain for the government people who don't need to work for Civil Service salaries, even the highest [see "Hired Brains for the Brass," *The Nation*, Dec. 2, 1961]. The Air Force is already well equipped in this line, while NASA is struggling to gain egghead support. NASA Administrator James E. Webb looks for a "flowering of thought" as a result of NASA-university collaboration on space problems. He has engaged a Kansas City research institute to stimulate interest in the space program under a $225,000 contract. Even planting of the seed calls for a nice piece of change.

NASA has about as much chance to absorb the Systems Command as a rabbit has to swallow a python. The reverse is possible and some in NASA fear it, but it is unlikely except, of course, in the event of war. The principal protection of NASA is the necessity for the United States to maintain a peaceful image in its world-wide public-relations program.

Systems Command, however, is pretty sure to cut into NASA's slice of the space pie. The drive into space will be carried on by a complex con-

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catenation of governmental bodies and government-supported corporations (free enterprise) and the latter will tend to favor the aerospace arm. This in spite of the fact that NASA, quite as much as the Air Force, subscribes to the doctrine of the primacy of private business and private profit. NASA's plans for the Saturn vehicle are an illuminating example.

NASA's Marshall Space Flight Center at Huntsville, Ala., will build the first nine of the total of thirty S-I Saturn boosters scheduled for production before 1967. The 1,500,000-pound-thrust S-I was designed and developed at Huntsville, mainly by the famed Peenemuende propulsion team headed by Wernher von Braun, which the Army forehandedly imported in 1945 and lost in 1960. But then, starting with S-I No. 10, production will be turned over to private enterprise at a government-owned ordnance plant at Michoud, La., which is being reactivated, rebuilt and retooled, naturally at government expense. Having done the tough, creative part of the job in producing a prototype, having assembled a team of subcontractors and gone through the expensive agonies of early production, the government will make available to private enterprise, for private profit, all the necessary know-how, fabrication facilities and executive management (from Huntsville) for the remaining twenty-one S-Is!

Nevertheless, some sections of industry would rather work for the Air Force than NASA. For one thing, Congress has prescribed a patent policy for NASA which compels it to take ownership of patents resulting from research work done at government expense, while the Department of Defense has followed a "liberal" policy, giving the contractor the patents and merely reserving a license for itself. Of course Congress can remove this discrepancy and may do so, but even in its brief life NASA has already experienced minor sit-down strikes by indignant industries.

In general, also, Congress supervises military bodies less stringently than an agency like NASA, and the services tend to be more considerate of proprietary rights in general. In the long run, such factors will give Systems Command a significant advantage, and there are other factors in its favor. Some Air Force scientist-technicians point out that "the military has become increasingly aware of the operational indivisibility of air and space, and a great deal of planning, study and advanced development is currently under way in an effort to exploit and counter the military potential of space." To this echo of the Schriever doctrine is added the observation that attention has been diverted (presumably by the previous administration) from the training and conditioning of "premium men for exotic missions to the problem of training crews for more 'routine' military operations in space." These exotic missions can only be NASA's Mercury and Apollo lunar projects, while practical military missions take in the Air Force's X-15 flights, to be followed by the Dynasoar flights in a winged space ship.

WHETHER it was so intended or not, terming NASA projects "exotic" is nicely calculated to increase the flow of dollars from the public treasury away from NASA and toward the Air Force. The average Congressman recoils from anything exotic—he doesn't understand it himself and is sure his constituents will understand it even less. He assumes, however, that they will gladly turn their pockets inside-out for weapons and weapon-operations which they are assured will make America invincible.

Actually all space operations are exotic in the sense that all are on the fringe of the current state of the art and depend for success on "breakthroughs" and forced-draft R & D. But if the label can be pinned on NASA, while the Air Force projects an image of military practicality, any public-relations man can tell what the outcome will be.

Increased U.S.-Soviet tension, of course, accrues to the advantage of the Air Force, the most militant of the services and the one with the greatest appeal to the average unthinking (but voting) American. It must not be thought, however, that the internecine space contest is solely between NASA and the Air Force. The other services are also standing, bowl in hand like Oliver Twist (though less meekly). Among the operational requirements in space reported by the Navy to the Senate Committee on Aeronautical and Space Sciences were a reconnaissance-surveillance satellite system, a satellite-survey system, an antisatellite weapons system, and a satellite detection and reconnaissance defense system. The overlaps among these systems are probably for bargaining purposes but, although only one mentions a weapon capacity, all are military in nature.

The Army, of course, has similar yearnings, but its chances appear slim except perhaps in the area of the Nike-Zeus antimissile missile which, if it proves highly successful, might be expanded into an antisatellite weapons system. The Army's only real hope of a substantial role in space is as a partner of the Air Force in an alliance against NASA. Talks among diplomats of the two services have been reported and something may come of them. But of course the Army will have to be satisfied with the role of a junior partner; the Air Force will be the Barmecide in space.

WHERE does the average unthinking American (or, for that matter, the occasional thinking American) come in amid all this high-level contention for power and glory? His own power is minute and his glory is vicarious. And with each advance in technology, his chances of being blown to perdition increase.

Such moral advantages over the Soviet Union as we may now possess are likely to be lost as the space race grows hotter. The practical weapons remain on the ground. There is no reason why a bomb orbiting in space should be more terrifying than one sitting on a launching pad, whether Soviet or American. On the contrary, the ground-based bomb is more dangerous. It can be sent on its way, accurately, whenever the crew decides to press the button.

It is this bomb we should be agitated about—and not only the Soviets'. The idea that we may strike first is as taboo in public discussion in this democracy of ours as eating

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one's totem animal is among primitive tribesmen. It is mentioned only in liberal or leftist publications whose names, even, are unknown to the mass reader, and on the air it gets about as much time as the subject of incest. Unsubsidized intellectuals may refer privately to "first-strike madness," but one man's madness is another's sanity, and vice versa. The intellectuals of the Air Force and the RAND Corporation regard as sane any act that will give the United States an advantage in the preparations for the nuclear war which they regard as inevitable and which by their acts and utterances they are helping to bring about. They have adopted MacArthur's slogan that there is no substitute for victory; and they have calculated that victory is possible, with perhaps half of the American population written off to pay for it. If a first strike will bring victory, even at this price, to *these* intellectuals it seems insane not to cast the die.

These intellectuals deal in technological concepts and data which the common man is incapable of evaluating and which, if vouchsafed to him at all, have been carefully processed, like puréed food for infants. In germinal form, one such item appears in *Aviation Week* (November 6). Its potential as an argument for Bambi, or for a first strike, is not negligible. "USAF," the item reads, "is concerned over possible disruption of its ballistic missile capability by the electromagnetic effects of nuclear explosions. These effects exceed the range of blast and heat damage. Fields created by nuclear blasts might induce spurious currents in cables connecting control centers and missile emplacements or scramble magnetic elements of the missile such as guidance computer drums. Attempts to solve the potential problem will include more effective shielding, circuit design and layout of missile sites."

So: the electromagnetic effects of strikes on "hardened" — i.e., underground — bases have been overlooked. If these effects are still serious after shielding, etc., have been applied, the whole theory of deterrence by "hardened" bases is thrown in jeopardy. The bases may resist blast and heat as they were designed to do, only to be knocked out by inductive effects known since the days of Michael Faraday. The answer will have to await the experimental explosion of a 10- or 20-megaton bomb at an appropriate distance from a hardened ICBM base. Or an explosion which is not experimental.

If, after an experimental explosion, the missiles fire and stay on course, the Air Force will be vindicated. It will then pursue its goals in space with even greater confidence, and edge closer to the brink of nuclear war. At the other extreme, if the bases turn out to be useless for a second strike, some careers may be adversely affected, but in all likelihood not too seriously. It will be pointed out that the responsibility was not that of the Air Force alone and that not even the Air Force can foresee everything.

Then, rallying, the Air Force will put the mobile Minuteman, which has just been canceled, on a crash basis, a move which always reassures the citizens that everything possible is being done for their security. Next, the Air Force will accelerate the Bambi program, which may by that time be past the feasibility-study stage. It may also renew its attempts to shanghai the Navy's Polaris missile subs, on the ground that all strategic weapons should be under a single command—naturally that of the Air Force.

THE record shows that some of the Air Force's failures have brought it almost as much prestige as its successes. Military ventures in space are complicated; the Air Force thrives on complications. The greater the difficulties, the greater the empire. The Air Force is never daunted.

The citizen who relies on the Air Force for survival may, however, be excused for a lower measure of intrepidity. Though he may subscribe faithfully to the hoary illusion of security by military measures, though the Air Force may extend its operations outward until the distances can be measured only in light-years, in the back of his mind the citizen knows that he can't win.

WHITE-COLLAR AUTOMATION.. *by Walter Buckingham*

ABOUT 10,000 electronic computers have been installed in offices in the United States in 1961. On the basis of Bureau of Labor Statistics estimates that, on the average, each computer affects 140 jobs, 1,400,000 workers were affected last year alone. The BLS estimates that about a fourth of these jobs — 350,000 — will be abolished altogether. The rate of installation of office-automation equipment will probably accelerate. If the sixty-eight companies that are now manufacturing computers in the United States should double their sales this year, 700,000 *additional* clerical jobs will be abolished.

Still more jobs are expected to be eliminated by other types of automation devices. For example, an automatic sales clerk can dispense up to thirty-six varieties of products, accept payments up to $5 and give the customer his exact change. According to Congressional testimony, an "automatic law clerk" can perform seven man-hours of legal research in a few minutes; within ten minutes of receiving a question involving tax exemption, the machine analyzed 400 laws from fifty states and the District of Columbia, typed all the statutes and case citations, and had begun typing the full text of the material.

Small transistor computers — the size of an office desk — are being

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manufactured at a price that small businesses can afford: IBM and RCA, as well as many universities and private management-consulting organizations, have computer services for rent. A "do-it-yourself" computer center is in operation in Los Angeles. Operating like a laundromat, it solves complex problems with a minimum of staff assistance.

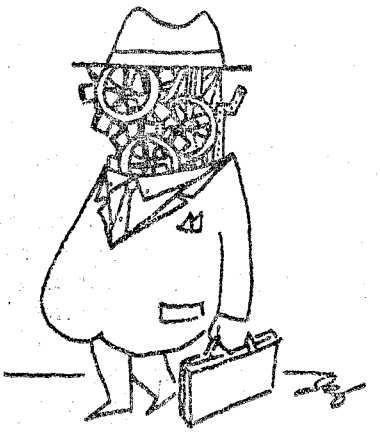
IBM has a reading machine that can scan 1,800 words a minute and also automatically operate a teleprinter for long-distance transmission of its messages. A similar electronic scanner already in use by a New Jersey utility company does the work of twenty-four key-punch clerks. A phonetic typewriter is being developed by RCA which, using sound language similar to speedwriting, prints exactly what it hears (the word "typewriter," for instance, would be printed "tipriter").

RCA also has an electronic-systems center in New York that provides daily individual processing of stock-exchange transactions such as brokerage commissions, taxes and customers' balances. The center can also calculate the payroll for a business enterprise, including salaries, fringe benefits and social security taxes.

AUTOMATION is moving rapidly into industries in which information-handling or accounting play important roles. In this area, electronics' special contribution to automation has been to extend the range of automatic control and to increase the speed of processing information. The Bank of America, for example, has installed an electronic computer, capable of 237,000 additions and subtractions per minute, that daily services over 90,000 mortgage loans and 190,000 installment loans, at the same time making statistical reports to management. The bank has installed forty machines to service its approximately 600 branches in California alone.

The United States Treasury uses a computer to keep track of the 350 million checks which it issues every year. The machine replaces 450 clerical employees and rents for $900,000 a year ($2,000 for every employee replaced). Sylvania Electric Products, Inc. uses a computer that processes a 26,000-man weekly payroll in twenty-five minutes, calculating regular pay, overtime, absences, late-to-work adjustments, withholding taxes, union dues, social security, bond purchases, pension deductions, etc.

J. Lyons and Company, Ltd., of London, pioneered in the application of computers to commercial operations. Once it took this firm nine minutes to compute the pay of each of its 7,000 employees in 150 shops; now it takes two seconds. United Air Lines uses electronic devices to provide its president with an up-to-date profit-and-loss statement every



morning. The C & S Railroad uses a computer to prepare 90,000 quarterly dividend checks in less than an hour. A Midwest trucking firm used a computer to process all the relevant data concerning the desirability of moving its headquarters. The conclusion was a recommendation to move — and $6,000 was saved yearly.

THE number of new jobs that must be created every year if full employment is to be reached and maintained includes not only the number of new workers expected to enter the labor force, but also those who will be displaced by automation. The National Planning Association recently calculated that this year the same level of production as in 1961 can be maintained with 1.8 million fewer workers. The U.S. Department of Labor has calculated that in the next ten years, 26 million new workers will enter the job market — an average of 2.6 million a year. Thus about 4.4 million people will be added to the nation's jobless rolls every year if new jobs are not created for them by economic growth. If current trends continue, about a third of these will not even complete high school and hence will be ill fitted for jobs in the coming years of rapid technological advance.

Ironically, those who have the most to lose from automation are the least worried — the personnel in the offices of American industry, where automation today is making its greatest strides. Why aren't they worried? Most clerks are women who consider their jobs temporary: typically, the married ones work to supplement the family income until their husbands get a raise, while the unmarried ones are working — and living at home — until they get a proposal of marriage. Relatively few are dependent entirely on their clerical jobs and fewer still plan to spend their lives in offices.

MOST statistical studies of the social aspects of office automation have ignored these considerations. Most BLS studies of this kind show few, if any, layoffs. However, typically these studies cover the effects of automation introduced during periods of prosperity and expanding employment. It seems that *permanent* reductions in the work force due to technological changes are often postponed until a general business downturn permits the layoffs to be blamed on the "depression" or "recession." Then, when recovery occurs, fewer are recalled than were laid off. Since businessmen are sensitive to the public-relations effects of layoffs, some university research investigators have voiced the suspicion that they have had easier access to data in those firms where the introduction of automation coincided with increased employment.

Some large employers have admitted that they timed layoffs to coincide with periods of recession. One of the nation's top executives was quoted by the New York *Post* financial columnist, Sylvia Porter, as saying: "I'd rather have our employees work a longer week and pay overtime than add one more man than necessary to the payroll. . . . It's cheaper to pay the extra expense of overtime than to pay the

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extra expense of a public-relations drive to explain a layoff."

A changeover to office automation usually takes longer than in the factory. The continuity of office operations cannot be interrupted and the data of the old arrangement usually cannot be transferred directly to the new system. There is no way of stockpiling materials or products in advance and little opportunity to make trial runs. Typically, the changeover must therefore involve several distinct stages during which time at least three separate work forces are needed: one to continue the old system, one to convert records and procedures to the new system, and one to initiate and operate the new system. This may take anywhere from six months to four years. Consequently, automation has been proceeding slowly enough to allow normal turnover to disguise its effects.

IN THE United States today the white-collar work force is larger than the blue-collar one. Former Secretary of Labor James Mitchell said recently, "In the telephone industry, automation has reached a point where, for all practical purposes, the companies regard themselves as 'strikeproof.'" The same is true, in varying degrees, in many other different industries.

Both major political parties accept credit for prosperity—and blame the other party for unemployment. The public has concluded, from these arguments, that recessions and unemployment are indeed controllable. The only remaining question would seem to be whether we must always wait until a crisis is upon us to do something, or whether we can develop amelioratives in advance.

It is generally agreed that a great injury will be inflicted on this generation, and on future generations, if nothing is done to halt the relentless growth of the mass of jobless, rootless, disillusioned and frustrated workers displaced by technological changes. Clerical workers should not be forced to match wits with machines, but should be given the opportunity to rise as high above the moron mentality of machinery as their talents permit.

An enormous variety of proposals have been advanced to solve the problem of unemployment and automation. The best hope seems to lie in the recommendations of the House Subcommittee on Unemployment and the Impact of Automation. All four Democrats and two of the three Republicans on the subcommittee recommended that the qualified among the unemployed should be encouraged to further their education, and that the federal government should contribute financially, to improve vocational education. The subcommittee also recommended the migration of technologically displaced workers to other areas, recognizing that it is often cheaper and sounder economically for workers to move to where the jobs are than for factories to move to where the surplus laborers are.

A "GI Bill of Rights" for the unemployed has already passed the Senate by a 2-to-1 vote and passed the House Education and Labor Committee by a vote of 24-3. This bill is scheduled for House consideration early this year, and is supported by President Kennedy. It provides federally sponsored vocational retraining for about 100,000 workers the first year and 200,000 the next. Since there are several millions unemployed, this is only a drop in the bucket. In the future, as now, most of the burden of mitigating the personal and economic hardships imposed by technological change will fall on private industry and, in a few cases, on labor unions. One can only hope that they will be equal to the challenge.

THE '62 LEGISLATIVE OUTLOOK . . *John J. Lindsay*

Washington

"THERE IS no doubt about it," the Administration insider said, "this is *the* bill for 1962." He was talking not about medical care for the aged, or federal aid to education, but about President Kennedy's "bold and new" reciprocal-trade program which, in a matter of a few weeks, has become a legislative obsession. It has, indeed, relegated to second rank practically all other "New Frontier" hopes and Kennedy's 1960 campaign promises.

Responsible for the rather sudden switch in emphasis, a Congressional spokesman explains, was the growing realization by the President and his top economic advisers that the competitive enterprise system—at a time, ironically, when it is something less than competitive—is being hit solidly from two sides.

On one side, the emerging economic giant of the European Common Market (E.C.M.) offers a relatively friendly challenge to the system. The President, White House spokesmen say, is taking the attitude that if you can't lick 'em (and we can't), join 'em. On the other side is the chilling challenge of Khrushchev-Mao and Co., which promises to become a knock-down, drag-out fight for economic survival.

Not surprisingly, the President and his advisers see the E.C.M. challenge as a possible blessing in disguise. By its means, the Western world seems likely for the first time to throw itself into a coherent economic alliance against the Communist world. Walter Lippmann recently described such a contest as the only one between East and West that offers much hope of survival. Obviously, said the high-placed Congressional spokesman, it also appears in that light to sane men high in the Administration, in Congress and among leaders of American industry.

What E.C.M. officials have proposed, and the President is disposed to accept—as a short-range step—is

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a 20 per cent cut in import duties on American goods flowing into the E.C.M. area. The reciprocal American move would be a milder, but still significant, cut in import duties on the goods of E.C.M. coming into this country.

Unfortunately for the President, this is as far as he can go under our existing trade laws. He must go back to Congress and—at the moment, at least—to the conservative and frequently tough-minded House Ways and Means Committee which has control of four major Kennedy proposals. These are: federal aid to edutation, "medicare," the proposal for plugging tax loopholes, and the reciprocal-trade bill.

STRANGELY, Administration officials do not share the pessimism expressed by some Congressional leaders and sympathetic industrialists on the prospects of getting a meaningful tariff bill through an essentially conservative Congress in the face of election-year pressures. One White House spokesman said bravely: "We expect to win this fight. We are not going in with any defeatism at all." He had no doubt about getting a good bill from the twenty-five-member Ways and Means Committee, headed by Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.) who can make or break the President's program.

If this show of confidence was not mere whistling in the dark, it was assumed to mean that the Administration was ready to yield elsewhere to get the support it needs for the trade bill. "Elsewhere" has to be the remainder of the President's program. Since Mills is not opposed to tax revisions in principle, this appears to be a "safe" bill. That leaves "medicare," federal aid to education and, possibly, the President's efforts to win long-range improvements in the unemployment-insurance program as "concession" bait.

But Kennedy strategists insist that it may not be necessary to make major concessions on the bulk of the "New Frontier" program to get a meaningful trade bill. They point to the extraordinary "skill"—combined with a good measure of luck—the Administration showed in estimating the depth of last year's recession and in pointing out what was required to achieve recovery. The medicine worked. If Administration economists have as much luck in predicting the nation's economic health a year from now, they believe, it may just be possible for the President to have his cake and eat it too, in the form of enactment of most of his program—and the free-trade bill as well.

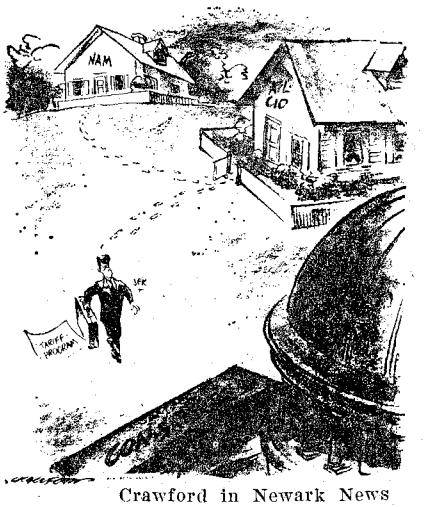
This is how they reason. There are indications that the gross national product next year will rise by as much as 10 per cent, a significant increase that would all but guarantee a balanced budget in the face of a sharp rise in federal spending (largely for defense). This would bolster the President's claim to "fiscal responsibility," and at the same time cut some solid campaign ground from under Republicans and anti-Administration Democrats.

Armed with this kind of weapon, Administration strategists believe it is possible to win the necessary conservative support for key Administration bills such as "medicare" (modified, to be sure), the tax-revision program and possibly even others. To achieve this, President Kennedy must convert his admittedly great personal popularity into Congressional support; his strategists believe he can, and will, do it.

SEVERAL factors could demolish this thinking, and most of them have to do with the impact of the free-trade program.

It is largely an accepted fact that any significant increase in domestic prices will offset any advantage this country might wring from a major reduction in import duties on our goods abroad. At the moment, the Administration's economists see the likelihood of a rise of no more than 1 per cent—hopefully, even less—in domestic prices. This will be complemented to some extent by a sharp increase in corporate profits, all rather much at the mercy of a decision by Congress and the Administration to move into a tight-money policy.

If the forecast is correct, and if the Kennedy Administration and Congress continue a policy of "non-tight" money, Administration strategists believe there is a good chance to sell Congress and the American



Crawford in Newark News

Next the hand-sell.

people on the idea of an increasingly optimistic economy. If the forecast is incorrect—and the signs should appear well before the end of the next session of Congress—the President, by risking all on the need for a free-trade bill, could face a political disaster. He will have traded away his political leverage on "medicare" and other liberal bills for a free-trade bill, more shadow than substance, that satisfies none of the nation's interest in the challenge of the Common Market.

Another factor is the "scare" potential of the right-wing extremists on moderate conservatives and—sorrowfully—on Congressional liberals. Some members of Congress think this pressure from the far Right has a deeper significance than Administration officials are inclined to believe. Again, if the Administration has guessed wrong, it could spell deep trouble for even moderate programs now in preparation.

At the moment, the line-up of bills for the second session of this Congress appears to be this:

Likely: A rather significant revision of both the reciprocal-trade laws and the nation's tax laws, with emphasis on credit for plant and equipment.

Possible: Medical care for the aged under social security.

Very unlikely: Federal aid to education.

As the White House man said, free trade is "*the* bill for 1962," and the President's prestige and the direction the "New Frontier" takes will largely depend on how well the Administration does with it.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Kennedy's First Year

LET US BEGIN: The First 100 Days of the Kennedy Administration. By Martin Agronsky and others. Simon and Schuster. 145 pp. and record. $4.95. $1.95 paper.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: A Sense of Purpose. By Charles Lam Markmann and Mark Sherwin. St. Martin's Press. 346 pp. $4.95.

THE KENNEDY CIRCLE. Edited by Lester Tanzer. Robert B. Luce, Inc. 315 pp. $4.95.

THE KENNEDY GOVERNMENT. By Stan Opotowsky. E. P. Dutton Co. 208 pp. $3.95.

KENNEDY IN POWER. By James Tracy Crown and George P. Penty. Ballantine Books. 192 pp. 50c. paper.

James MacGregor Burns

TO A VISITOR in his oval office the other day, President Kennedy mentioned that his Administration had been deserted by some of the intellectual liberals. "But then," he added with a wry smile, "I guess criticism is their special business." This remark may be a milestone in the history of the relation between Presidents and their intellectual critics. Theodore Roosevelt denounced them year after year as mendacious and slanderous lunatics.* Woodrow Wilson — himself a scholar in politics — remarked to his Postmaster General in 1914: "What you told me about the old standpatters is true. They will at least stand by the party and the administration. I can rely on them better than I can on some of my own crowd." Franklin D. Roosevelt patiently tried to educate intellectuals in the political arts, with mixed results. Kennedy, with his usual clarity of insight, has learned that the business of critics is criticism.

Not all the Kennedy books of 1961 probe very deeply or critically into the early months of the Administration. *Let Us Begin* captures unforgettably the freshness and exhilaration of the period when at least one of the new men in Washington, despite his seven-day weeks and sixteen-hour days, wondered whether he ought to be paid for a job that was such fun. Adorned with striking photographs, vivid captions, and even a recording of the Inaugural Address tucked into an envelope inside the back cover, the book ranges from the new personalities in the White House to famine in Kasai, from a water pump in the Andes to Laos and Detroit, and back to Washington. Despite a pervasive "gee-whiz" attitude toward the new order, the volume offers some perceptive comments by Eric Goldman, Barbara Ward and other luminaries. Yet already the book has a slightly antiquarian cast, for the "bold, innovating" action of the first three months was followed, on about the ninetieth day, by Cuba (barely mentioned in this book), and Cuba was followed by months of caution and indecision.

THE NEXT three books listed above complement one another nicely; the first deals with the measures of the new Administration, and the next two with the men. Written by experienced and versatile journalists, these books are full of names, facts, dates, but they do not go far below the surface. The Markmann-Sherwin volume, after putting the Administration in broad focus with a sweeping look at politics and government in 1961, including patronage, the courts and right-wing extremism, concludes with a chapter entitled "Looking Forward" that consists of one page of guarded optimism. One wonders whether the authors ever found the sense of purpose highlighted in their subtitle. Mr. Opotowsky also ends on a cautious note, and *The Kennedy Circle* offers no concluding judgment or forecast at all. But perhaps all this is inevitable in volumes written at high speed during fast-moving events. All three accounts provide a good deal of dependable information; they are well organized and indexed (except for Tanzer), and are useful background books as we enter Kennedy's second year.

IT IS to *Kennedy in Power*, the only original paperback in this collection, that we turn in anticipation of a rousing intellectual critique of the Administration. For the cover proclaims this to be "a critical and skeptical analysis — a brilliant examination of the frightening contradictions in the policies of our bold President." And the main author, James Crown, is a political scientist, an academician, and a contributor to *The Nation*, which has never been accused of slavish adulation of the Kennedy Administration. (The other author, George Penty, is also a *Nation* contributor.)

The book is in fact a shrewd, thoughtful, informed essay on the achievements and failings of the first year. "Critical and skeptical analysis" is accurate enough, but "frightening contradictions" turn out to be a number of dualisms the authors find in the President (much like those found in most activist Presidents). The authors' basic method is simply to compare Kennedy's performance with his campaign promises (on the stump and in his writings, especially *A Strategy of Peace*). But they do not ride this hobby horse to death. Thus they say early in the book:

> Despite the stunning confusion into which this presidential broker will occasionally lead his admirers of all persuasions, the examination which follows of the major urgent areas of policy indicates that Kennedy is, by his own standards, a principled broker — one who is a proponent of the national interest as well as a broker of private interests.

And the authors' concluding judgment

**The original of the following letter, written by Roosevelt even before he became President, was recently given to* The Nation *by Mr. Snell Putney of San Jose (Calif.) State College, the great-nephew of the addressee:*

April 21, 1894.

Prof. George Elliott Howard,
Leland Stanford Junior University,
Palo Alto, California.

Dear Sir:

I thank you for your address on the American University. I have really enjoyed reading it. I was particularly glad to see the stand you took in reference to a servile following of Germanic methods in the matter. I have only one criticism to make. I see you quote *The Nation* as an authority. It is always possible that what *The Nation* says is true, but there is never any inherent probability of it; and I think it about the most unsafe guide in American politics that there is.

Very sincerely yours.
Theodore Roosevelt (sig)
United States Civil
Service Commission,
Washington, D.C.

JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS, professor of political science at Williams College, is the author most recently of John Kennedy: A Political Profile *(Harcourt Brace).*

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is almost kindly, though perhaps a bit patronizing:

> As this book has shown, Senator Kennedy remains one of President Kennedy's best critics and prodders. President Kennedy has wisely and necessarily made great changes and postponements as a result of being the man in power. One can sympathize with his impatience with those who lightly make proposals without the politician's need to "drag the anchor of public opinion." Yet the President would do well to return to a re-reading of his own hopeful proposals from time to time, lest his necessary attention to practicalities rob him of his vision.

In between these findings are a host of penetrating judgments on specific policies and episodes. The authors are disturbed by the President's failure to undertake radical reassessment of the nation's strategic situation, to make bold departures in foreign affairs from Eisenhower's bland policies, to break himself away occasionally from his absorption with putting out brush fires. Both Kennedy and Khrushchev, they conclude in a typically shrewd observation, "by the requirements of their recruitment to high office, have a high degree of commitment both emotionally and intellectually to the going slogans of their power systems." Kennedy, they imply, must break out of his dualism and ambivalence if he is to master the forces confronting him.

SUCH responsible criticism is badly needed, yet there is a curiously two-dimensional quality about *Kennedy in Power*. Missing are the sweat and shoving, the dark struggles, the suffocating blocks and drags on action, the babel and confusion and lunging ambitions in the midst of which the business of politics is actually conducted and policies hammered out. There is something bloodless about this book, as there is alleged to be something faceless about some of the men the President has gathered about him. If the Administration lacks fire and passion, this highly intellectual criticism misses the earthy, knotty context in which government actually functions.

A book by a political scientist should, I think, have more to say about the ancient political and governmental arrangements that Kennedy has inherited. It might analyze the drag on a new administration of the bureaucrats, especially in foreign-policy agencies and in the embassies, who had settled into a comfortable routine during the Eisenhower administration. It might explain why Congress has been even more frustrating than the Administration had expected. It might relate the Administration's ambivalences to the deep dualisms in the thinking of the American people and to our historic oscillation between activism and passivity, idealism and selfishness, isolationism and intervention, in foreign policy. It might deal more with the impact of bipartisanship on our activities abroad.

Still, this book, like the others, was written in the middle of the journey. It is the best analysis we shall have for some time of the anatomy of the Kennedy policies. It also provides a fascinating balance sheet of the intellectuals' hopes and misgivings as President Kennedy ends his first year. A high aide in the White House recently remarked that no one outside could understand what it was like inside. If that is so, the authors of this book deserve a tour of duty in the White House. And the men in the White House deserve to read this book. But then, they probably have.

What Have the Germans Learned?

THE NEW GERMANY AND THE OLD NAZIS. By T. H. Tetens. Random House. 286 pp. $4.95.

Heinz Pol

OF THE handful of books more or less critical of the past, present and future of the Bonn Republic, the survey made by Mr. Tetens is by far the most severely pessimistic. The German-born author, an authority on his country's long and bitter history of militarism and supernationalism, belongs to the hard core of Cassandras whose warnings have earned them nothing but sneers and cries of treason, but who nevertheless have continued to cry wolf whenever they saw one. Since the times of the Kaiser, they have seen a good many.

Mr. Tetens submits to the reader a quantity of material proving that many former leading members of the Nazi Party today hold responsible positions in the federal government — or with local authorities, army, judiciary, schools, universities and private industry. The evidence, taken from German, British and American newspapers, as well as from official documents and investigations, is irrefutable, except for minor errors. Much of it covers familiar ground, at least to anyone acquainted with contemporary Germany.

Tetens deals, for example, with the case of Globke, whose questionable past (as an expert in anti-Semitic legislation during the Hitler regime) has not made him unacceptable as Chancellor Adenauer's *éminence grise*. There has been outspoken criticism of this situation in Germany itself, and it has been backed by public opinion in the whole Western world; but the democratic forces in the Federal Republic are obviously not strong enough to remove the man from public life: Adenauer allows no investigation of Globke's career.

Less well known are the intrigues of German expellee organizations, to which Tetens devotes an illuminating chapter. There are in Germany today about ten million expelled people, some from the Sudeten area (which never did belong to Germany), some from Germany's former eastern provinces — East Prussia, Silesia and Pomerania — which today form part of Poland and the Soviet Union. Other expellees are from Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, etc., where up to 1945 they constituted German-speaking minorities. Unfortunately, many of these so-called *Auslandsdeutschen* have a particularly vicious nationalistic background. Witness only the case of the Sudeten Germans who, under the leadership of dyed-in-the-wool Nazis, took the initiative in dismembering, with unspeakable brutality, the Republic of Czechoslovakia, whose citizens they were.

These expellees, scattered all over the Federal Republic and well organized, spread a most dangerously emotional nationalism. Some of the leaders of the expellee organizations have found powerful support from several United States Congressmen, and the details presented by Tetens are further discouraging proof that Washington is supposedly helping a democratic Bonn Republic by giving aid and comfort to its enemies.

Dr. Walter Becher is a man who over the years has won the esteem — and more — of such allegedly well-informed politicians as Senators Capehart, Mundt, Johnston, Ferguson, Eastland, Bush, Ellender, Gore, Saltonstall, Bridges, Case, Langer, Dodd, Symington and others. Since 1955, he has frequently visited Washington. His record, according to

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the U.S. Document Center in West Berlin, shows that Becher first became a member of the Nazi Party back in 1931. He subsequently left the party, but joined it again in 1938. During the war, Becher worked in Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry. After the war, he joined a small neo-Nazi party in Bavaria and later became a member of the so-called All-German bloc which represents the expellees. He then started a propaganda campaign for the right of the Sudeten Germans and other expelled Germans to return to their homes. To quote Tetens:

> In 1955, after Dr. Becher's initial successes in Washington, he decided to install a permanent expellee representative in Washington. His choice was a former Nazi diplomat, Dr. Richard Sallet, who had once served Goebbels and Ribbentrop in the German Embassy there. . . . Dr. Sallet concentrated his main efforts on establishing close ties with the State Department, Congress and the American press. His public-relations work had excellent results. In 1957, Congressman Usher L. Burdick inserted in the *Congressional Record* one of Dr. Becher's articles advocating "a realistic policy of liberation," a "breaking off of all diplomatic and economic contacts with Communist regimes in the East" and an "economic blockade of the Soviet bloc. . . ." Within a few months, seven statements and articles by Dr. Becher, Rudolf Lodgman von Auen and other expellee leaders had appeared in the *Congressional Record*.

TETENS does not mince words and cites other examples, although, in my opinion, he could have given still more convincing proof of an American cold-war policy that is not in the least eager to develop democratic and peaceful sentiments in the new Germany but mostly to reawaken the old aggressive Prussian spirit of "*Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles.*" The history of American guilt in systematically building up a nationalistic, militaristic-minded Bonn along traditional lines still remains to be written, and nothing could be more urgent.

Tetens' book scratches only the surface. It does not make sufficiently clear that not the Nazis but German nationalism (which deliberately brought about National Socialism) is the real danger, as it has been for the past sixty years. Tetens does not explain that, since modern Germany has never had a genuine revolution — one which would have destroyed the power and influence of the elite of generals, industrial tycoons and their coterie in the courts, universities and schools — nothing has basically changed. The average German, even if he is a sincere anti-Nazi, still has only the vaguest ideas of parliamentary democracy and how it can be made to work. The elite, with few exceptions, despises Western democratic traditions as unsuited to the German character. And since it continues to be in power, the Bonn regime — if you take away the borrowed phrases and pious affirmations — is scarcely an inspiring example of democratic government. That is the crux of the "German problem."

When Tetens tags industrial leaders like Krupp and Flick, and bankers like Abs and Pferdmenges, with the Nazi label, he not merely exaggerates his case: he actually misstates it. These people, whether they were party members or only sponsors, were never real Nazis. They were much too smart for that. But they were, and still are, unreconstructed anti-democrats who believe in discipline, obedience and in the economic and cultural superiority of everything German. What Hitler's *Wehrmacht* was to them twenty years ago, NATO is today — an instrument to secure Germany's supremacy, at least in Europe. That is the real danger, because the determined march toward the "peaceful conquest" of Europe (with a couple of world markets thrown in) must necessarily generate tensions which might become unbearable and explode into war.

It is regrettable that Tetens is blinded by his obsession with Nazism. His old Nazis are in most cases of little importance. Germany may well break out into another *furor teutonicus*, but it will certainly not take the form of totally discredited Hitlerism. Incidentally, a new generation of boys and girls is growing up in Bonn — completely free from the taint of Nazism or nationalism. They look toward a new Europe, and those of them who can afford to travel abroad — travel has become quite cheap and easy — are as much at home in Rome and Paris as they are in Hamburg or Frankfurt. This new generation may still be captured by neo-nationalists like Schroeder or by neo-militarists like Strauss. But it would be unfair to write them off as hopeless: these twenty-year-old Germans may yet be won over to the task of building up a truly democratic country.

Tetens harms his own cause by not even mentioning the possibilities that exist in today's Germany. Although one can understand his reasons for bitter skepticism, it is unrealistic — and contrary to certain facts and developments — to hold that Bonn must inevitably end in the same dismal Pan-German mess as did Weimar. Hope rests in the young generation. There may even be another miracle: Washington may waken to realize that a Germany that builds the *Volkswagen* and washing machines and continues the tradition of Goethe and Einstein offers more to Western security than do the armored divisions of Strauss and the deceptive smiles of Krupp and Co.

In spite of the shortcomings of Tetens' book, it contains a wealth of material indispensable to everybody seriously interested in the mysteries of the eternal *querelle allemande*.

Instead of Arms Talks

THE PEACE RACE. By Seymour Melman. George Braziller. 160 pp. $3.95. Ballantine Books. 152 pp. 50c paper.

Charles D. Bolton

PERHAPS the major achievement of the Kennedy Administration has been to make nuclear war credible to the American people. In response, there has arisen a sizable peace movement, within which is belatedly emerging an awareness that peace is something to be won, not merely lost. If peace is to be won, there must be some program of political action which will not only gain popular support but which can also alter the thinking and relations of peoples in such a way as to render war obsolete.

Sane men everywhere are coming to agree that general disarmament is an essential ingredient in this reorientation. The question is one of means. The conventional means is direct negotiation based upon mutual recognition of the dangers in a continuing arms race. To date, results of negotiations have been most discouraging: it often appears that disarmament negotiations can succeed only after political and military tensions have been relaxed, and this has the ugly look of a vicious circle. Dr. Melman's book offers an alternative.

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The Soviet economy has no reserves by which it can both support an arms program and provide large-scale industrialization capital to other countries. Hence the focus of competition with the Communists must be shifted from the arms race to a race for leadership in the industrialization of underdeveloped countries. Since the United States has sufficient slack in its economy to maintain both races, we could, by challenging the Soviets to a peace race, force them to seek disarmament. If Russia continued the arms race, it would soon be clear that it was falling seriously behind in competition for the allegiance of the uncommitted, largely industrialized, nations.

Despite some shortcomings, this is a book for which the peace movement should seek the widest possible audience. *The Peace Race* packs an amazing quantity of facts and proposals into a very readable short space. Any criticism must recognize that the author was forced to choose between exploring all the tortuous qualifications implied by his topic or simplifying in order to reach the maximum audience.

The first part of the book lucidly depicts the arms race as a road to defeat for the West. A chapter on the devaluation of human life in American institutions shows superbly how the nuclear arms race is producing our acquiescence in the self-defeat of "the whole style of life that differentiates the United States from a totalitarian society."

UNFORTUNATELY, Dr. Melman presents the "peace race" less convincingly. Part of the difficulty is that he rides two horses: the urgency and economic feasibility of disarmament, and victory over communism in the industrialization of emerging nations. As already noted, there is a logical connection. What is not made clear is the delicate necessity of convincing the Communists that the real American aim is to achieve a disarmed coexistence, with a shifting of competition to a new level, while at the same time convincing Americans that the peace race will force the reorientation of communism and bring eventual relaxing of totalitarian controls within the Communist sphere. The Russians are likely to take the bait only if convinced that American commitment to disarmament is as deep as its commitment to defeating communism in the industrialization race. Capital aid to industrially backward countries is already part of the containment policy; Melman proposes to step up the race. But since the United States is to initiate the peace race without slowing the arms race, the way is left open for the military mind to use any successes to tighten the containment noose, thereby strengthening the view in the Communist world that their system must be spread by revolution and defended by arms. Belief that the Communists would take up the peace-race challenge also depends upon the unstated assumption that Soviet-Chinese action is driven principally by international Communist ideology rather than by nationalism. If it is the latter, the response to the challenge becomes more unpredictable.

The book seriously underestimates the complexity of a world industrial program. Ignored or glossed over are the effects of the population explosion, the immense problems of altering social organization so that people are motivated to use effectively opportunities for industrialization, the rejection of the white man and his systems which is sweeping the former colonial world, the imposing difficulties of the agricultural revolution that must underpin industrialization. Only one chapter deals with these questions. It cannot be too much emphasized that, however great our advantage in capital, the race can be lost in underdeveloped areas if social realities and social techniques are not given as much attention as technology and capital.

THE ideology Dr. Melman offers is no naked free-enterprise vision. He says freedom arises, not from competition in the market place, but from having multiple sources of decision-making in the economy and in society generally. He stresses the labor union as an autonomous source of decision-making; and the nurturing of unions, as well as acceptance of planning in the public sector of the economy, as crucial for securing freedom in the industrializing nations. But not all readers will share the author's faith that, touched up with a bit more government planning, the American system can be exported as a unit to developing nations.

None the less, it remains true that the United States can hardly lose by a peace race. Even if it did not lead to disarmament, it would encourage full employment, provide some much-needed national purpose and perhaps salvage a large part of the underdeveloped world. The only question here is whether negotiations, based on more candor, might not more quickly bring disarmament than a technique that continued to depend upon competitive coercion. However, for those who want disarmament, but feel Soviet proposals have

The Invention of Comics

I am a soul in the world: in
the world of my soul the whirled
light/from the day
the sacked land
of my father.

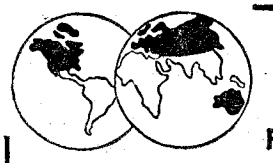
In the world, the sad
nature of
myself. In myself
nature is sad. Small
prints of the day. Its
small dull fires. Its
sun, like a greyness
smeared on the dark.

The day of my soul, is
the nature of that
place. It is a landscape. Seen
from the top of a hill. A
grey expanse; dull fires
throbbing on its seas.

The man's soul, the complexion
of his life. The menace
of its greyness. The
fire, throbs, the sea
moves. Birds shoot
from the dark. The edge
of the waters lit
darkly for the moon.

And the moon, from the soul. Is
the world, of the man. The man
and his sea, and its moon, and
the soft fire throbbing. Kind
death. O,
my dark and sultry
love.

LeRoi Jones



An Open Letter on Foreign Policy

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT

by Harrop and Ruth Freeman

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not yet been made in good faith, the peace race affords a political program of stimulating importance. Nothing is more urgently needed in America than some new imagery to break us out of the military mind's "Red or dead" dilemma. *The Peace Race* could be the spark to that new imagery.

Poetry in Europe

CITY. By Roy Fisher. Migrant Press. 21 pp. 65c.
PERSEPHONE. By Michael Shayer. Migrant Press. 17 pp. 35c.
A POEM IN NINE PARTS. By Matthew Mead. Migrant Press. 13 pp. 35c.
THE DANCERS INHERIT THE PARTY. By Ian Hamilton Finlay. Migrant Press. 35 pp. 65c.
SOVPOEMS. By Edwin Morgan. Migrant Press. 32 pp. 65c.
ST TEXTS & FINNPOEMS. By Anselm Hollo. Migrant Press. 27 pp. 65c.

David Ignatow

PERHAPS the vigor of W. C. Williams' *Paterson* finally has crossed the ocean and is being put to work to revive an appreciation among English poets of their own time and place. Roy Fisher, new to the English scene, is remarkably influenced by his American teacher:

The Judgment

At the entrance to the subway,
Sensing the thud of coins
In his tray of shoelaces,

The motionless blind beggar,
Accustomed to the crowd,
Its clatter and exhalation,

Listens no more for voices,
But concentrates all day
On private sounds from a portable radio.

This pinpointing of language and detail could have been made possible only through a study of W. C. Williams, and it becomes clear very soon that Mr. Fisher's *City*, from which the quoted poem is taken, is indeed modeled after *Paterson*. But Fisher is not that easily led; he makes the technique work for him. He is not dealing with a city on the same turbulent scale and theme as Williams. It is not really possible, considering the difference in the circumstances between them. Fisher lived through the bombing and destruction of Birmingham, his home city. His poem treats of the reconstruction period after the war. The past keeps coming to mind. *City* is not a cheerful, blossoming, forward-looking poem. For that matter, neither is *Paterson*, but Williams' poem springs from a certain abundance and liveliness in the environment which lends itself to refreshment, while *City*, of necessity, is limited to a moment in which everything has almost reached a standstill and the thought of revival comes bitterly. *City* draws its unusual distinction as a poem from its authenticity of experience. In this it reflects the deepest lesson one may learn from the methods of one of the most vital poets of our time.

In England, Mr. Fisher probably is considered a working-class poet; of ultimate refinement, of course, but a poet preoccupied with the tasks of living. The boredom and melancholy of a city at work run through his verse. In America, where one's job is one's pride and status, he would be appreciated as a poet of national consciousness. He must sound strange to the English, but I expect in time he will grow to be praised and welcomed there.

MICHAEL SHAYER is another English poet who I would say has been influenced by Williams. Shayer, however, represents another approach, more personal and lyrical, with a concentration on things at hand that make the poems seem casual: cars, billboards, television, trees, houses and women and children in their domestic environment. This head-first plunge into the present is encouraged by many of Williams' shorter poems as doctor, husband, father, friend and poet. In spirit, Mr. Shayer is close to Roy Fisher, and it can be said that where Fisher leaves off to brood, Shayer enters highly charged, battling the very dreariness that Fisher contemplates.

Persephone, as the title would indicate, treats of the return of a person, the poet in this case, from another and supposedly lower world, only to find through daily entanglements, commitments, delights and frustrations that he has not come very far after all in his trip from hell. He is a married man, to begin with, shouldering his normal burden together with the questions arising therefrom. "I would sit down and write/ I said, and then it began./ children, the evening hour/ — hell!/ I cannot keep my room clear/now/ the oldest comes and fiddles/ until some books fall over/ and then starts her 'but I'm just . . .' line/ . . . and then/ the tele/ in the near corner of the/ adjacent room/ although I cannot see it/ . . ."

These are the cries of a young man but they are real and of immediate issue and can be applied to nearly every household, poetic or otherwise. It is the kind of work usually not associated with the bland product of English poetry today. Shayer's voice is good to hear. "I am drawing a picture. of the world I live in./ . . ."

MATTHEW MEAD'S *A Poem in Nine Parts* fits into this newly growing self-awareness in England. He is, first of all, a poet disillusioned with the politics and atmosphere of the revolutionary Left. He rejects the whole of it as synthetic in origin, with no roots in his country's life. He is in search of that rigid reality by which one ultimately must live, that which gives a sense of continuity and form. From a poem titled "Draft for the Shop-Steward": "The icemen sit where the snow-maiden sat;/ They do not understand the cold./ . . . They talk of furnaces, heating values, insulation;/ They would wrap us all in electric blankets./

Through the nine parts of his poem runs the theme of women as the source of renewal, by turns pleaded with, despaired of, loved and enjoyed, satired, revered or viewed in agony. It makes strange counterpoint to the detestation of the Left. In his attack on the Left, Mr. Mead has hold of what is true and actual for him, but the negation is not resolved — for him either — by his appeal to beauty and fertility. He remains doubtful, with consequent weakening of his verse.

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY is a different matter entirely from the three preceding poets. He is close to the traditional forms of English verse, in rhyme and meter, and with a special, delightful flavor of the Scotch. A feeling for personal freedom and joy of his experiences comes through the poems. They are lighthearted and poignant by turns, recalling Burns. Finlay, however, sticks rather close to the hearth by Burns's standard, and he does not make the outright bold attack against oppression of which Burns was capable. The best and strongest of Finlay is in his poems about women. The following is from "Black Tomintoul":

He was black all over, even for a bull
And oh he had such a lovely hide

DAVID IGNATOW'S most recent collection of verse is Say Pardon (*Wesleyan University Press*).

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She saw him follow one cow aside
Tell me, please, is that cow his bride?

No, they are all his lawful br-r-ride
There were twentyfour cows on the Scotch hillside

It was almost too much for the tall American Girl
She watched him stand on his opposite hill
Black Tomintoul, and he always bellowed
But afterwards something in her was mellowed.

SOVPOEMS is a collection of translations into English of poems by Brecht, Neruda, Pasternak, Tsvetayeva, Tikhonov, Martynov and Yevtushenko. Mayakovsky is included but translated into Scottish dialect, of which I have little or no knowledge. The rest of *Sovpoems* can be judged on its merits as work in English. The poems come off very well, with meaning and an aesthetic, whether or not they are true copies of the originals. "The Boat" by Tikhonov and "A Worker Reads and Asks These Questions" by Brecht, two poems widely divergent in aim and treatment, are consummate in wording and design. I am disturbed by the poems of Yevtushenko not because of the way they are translated, but for the ideas in them that seem to keep the translation from rising to the perfection Edwin Morgan found possible to achieve with the others. "The Angries," a compassionate dissertation on unhappy teen-agers in the Western world, with a naming of cities, blandly overlooks the naming of Moscow as one of the centers where teen-agers also grieve and sulk. Possibly the original may have implied as much through overtones of language; if so, the fact that it was lost in translation should have been made clear to readers in English. Aside from the limitations implied by this point, Yevtushenko's voice is a moving one. It is milder in tone than that of Allen Ginsberg, more naive, simpler, less abrasive and despairing but related in its anger and pity.

ANSELM HOLLO, a young Finn writing in English, brings together in his style two major influences in contemporary poetry, with some disadvantage to himself. He adapts European surrealism to the techniques worked out by Pound and, more recently, Charles Olson. The possibilities could be explosive: the fast-moving, far-spreading montage of Olson's style applied to hallucination, fragmentation and illogicality as practiced in German and French surrealism. In his long poem, "Unspectacular Life of a Modern Poet," Anselm Hollo manages to get an adumbrated pointedness. The writing is crisp, free of cliché and sentimentalism; but unfortunately he uses a muffled set of symbols and gestures, some refurbished from the literary junkpile. AND THE CORPSE was moved to tears by our efforts./ . . . And the corpse was laughing to split its seams./ But we were not amused, as its sense of humor/ was negligible./ And the corpse stood up and blew out the candle/

This is picking the dustbin empty, but earlier in the poem there is indication of what Hollo may develop toward. /SO THERE WERE/ two squat men standing on top of each other/ and singing tremendously militant airs — two squat men on top of each other, singing — / . . . This is more to the point: images that come from nowhere and make us blink and think and laugh surrealistically ourselves.

Translations by Hollo from the Finnish are drawn from the same surreal mode; several of them are excellent. Tuomas Anhava, in his long satire, "Ode to Standardization," and Paava Haaviko, in his "War Effort," come out best for trenchant effect, but Pentti Saarikoski, in "Life Was Given," (very short) gives an essence of tragedy and purification that is missing in nearly all the others.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

IT ALARMS me that *Judgment at Nuremberg* is so absorbing — it should be a bore. Stanley Kramer reconstructs this episode from recent history with only the flimsiest personal plot and with almost no physical action. He counts on holding your attention for more than three hours by examining the subtleties of certain moral statements so basic that in a sane society they would have no subtlety at all. We have been accustomed to dramas that turn on finding out what the truth is, or where honor lies or who is responsible — but what people cares to wonder whether truth itself is negotiable, whether honor may be suspended, whether a man is responsible for what he does? The rapt silence that holds for the long, slow sweep of Mr. Kramer's sermon proves that we are that unhappy people. No rational audience would wait for his conclusion.

It is important, I think, to realize that *Judgment at Nuremberg* does not attract primarily because it is such a vivid reconstruction. Like most ambitious American films, it is real almost to the point of hallucination. Anyone who was in Germany just after the war will smell the brick dust again, taste the sweet champagne and cringe away from the sweet, obsequious faces. And Nazism has the fascination of a horrible smash-up which one has narrowly escaped. So it is easy to suppose that a kind of perverted nostalgia is the lure here.

But what really holds one is the Nazism from which we did not entirely escape. A man is a composite of what he has experienced; you cannot know about Dachau (or Hiroshima) without becoming more callous; you cannot realize that the Nazis revoked the human contract without being to some degree corrupted. The astonishing fact about *Judgment at Nuremberg* is that one becomes seriously involved in a debate as to how one should regard men who, presiding in the German courts, condemned other men to death because they were given political orders to do so. Evil is not new, but the peculiar Nazi contribution to our age has been to make it debatable. And the contribution of this picture is to make our deterioration so clear.

Mr. Kramer has constructed his picture (from a script by Abby Mann; a shorter version was once shown on television) with exemplary bitterness; he offers no distractions of adventure, humor or romance. His cast is perhaps star-heavy: Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Marlene Dietrich, Montgomery Clift, Judy Garland, Maximilian Schell. Mr. Tracy in the lead and Miss Garland in a comparatively small part are so good that

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I did not wish they were less familiar; but the other celebrities seemed to me no more than professionally expert and I would have traded them for more anonymous craftsmen. In justice, though, the cast plays Mr. Kramer's grim game with every sign of dedication.

THE VISUAL style of the picture is businesslike and almost unadorned — as though a record were being made for the files. The Nuremberg court has, of course, been reconstructed with meticulous accuracy, and occasionally the proceedings are shot from slightly cramped or awkward angles, suggesting that a news-camera crew was doing the best it could under less than ideal conditions. The picture indulges in ironic montage (e.g., the cut from a beer stein banging a table to the judge's gavel banging the desk); this sort of comment by cutting has over the years become obvious and a little too easy. Kramer also fancies a fast zoom shot (what you can now do with your handy Kodak). He uses it effectively the first time to signal that he is dropping the simultaneous translation employed at Nuremberg and will continue the film in English. But when the device is repeated for dramatic underscoring, it becomes heavily mechanical. These, however, are flaws made noticeable by the prevailing asceticism of the camera work.

The essence of Mr. Tracy's effectiveness as the presiding judge — flown over from Maine to conduct the trial of his German opposite numbers — is that he can express a warm human sympathy for weakness and fear with an uncompromising resolution that weakness and fear shall not be accepted in excuse. Every pressure — personal or political — works on him in the sense that he is worried or upset by it. There is never any suggestion, however, that what he feels will affect what he knows. And what he knows principally is the difference between right and wrong. In this respect, he is unique on the screen, and one also gets the dread impression that the audience looks on him as a genius, if not a saint. *Judgment at Nuremberg* is as much a mirror as it is a history; Mr. Kramer has made a painfully useful film.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Mr. Billy Wilder has made in *One, Two, Three* a film of no usefulness at all. Despite an air of almost hysterical exuberance, it is not even vulgarly funny. Of course, Berlin divided is not the most risible of topics, but geography is not the problem — it is a matter of imagination and taste. James Cagney does not strike me as the sort of man who embarrasses easily, but he looked out of countenance in his role of star (and West Berlin representative of Coca-Cola) in this dirty show for family entertainment. Its sex, concocted of sordid boastfulness and impotent leering, is the worst kind of obscenity — and the most immune from censorship.

The plot involves the idiot sexpot daughter of a Coca-Cola high executive (which one, I wonder), an East German activist, some Russian purchasing agents, and a series of gags that Laurel and Hardy would have scorned to pull down from the dust. Mr. Wilder was getting a reputation for satiric humor with *Some Like it Hot* and *The Apartment* — *One, Two, Three* is about as sharp as the soda pop it advertises.

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My Father

When my father enters a room he fills it with warmth
He is dapper friendly unseeing and afraid
People like him for these things they feel comforted
He has a love of communication and does not communicate
He has a human concern and will not be concerned
He is aware of inner problems but cannot live with his own
He worked hard to survive
My father is a loving person

He blames those he loves for his problems
He always took care of me
He is so afraid of offending he is a salesman
He sells insurance for death to people who have never lived
He thinks Harry Truman's a hell of a nice guy
And Hiroshima was just one of those terrible things
He almost believes in what he does

In the dark of night my father was always there
He needed me and he loved me
He talked as a poet in his love for his child
He spoke of his yearnings his unfulfilled hopes
And his longing for a kinder more equal world
Always he spoke of FDR whom he worshipped
And his words: freedom from fear

My father sits alone at night estranged from my mother
Watching television in the air-conditioned room
Waiting for the phone to ring to speak to anyone
He reads the paper falls asleep anticipates arthritis
and soon has it
He retires 11 o'clock and sleeps many hours

David Evanier

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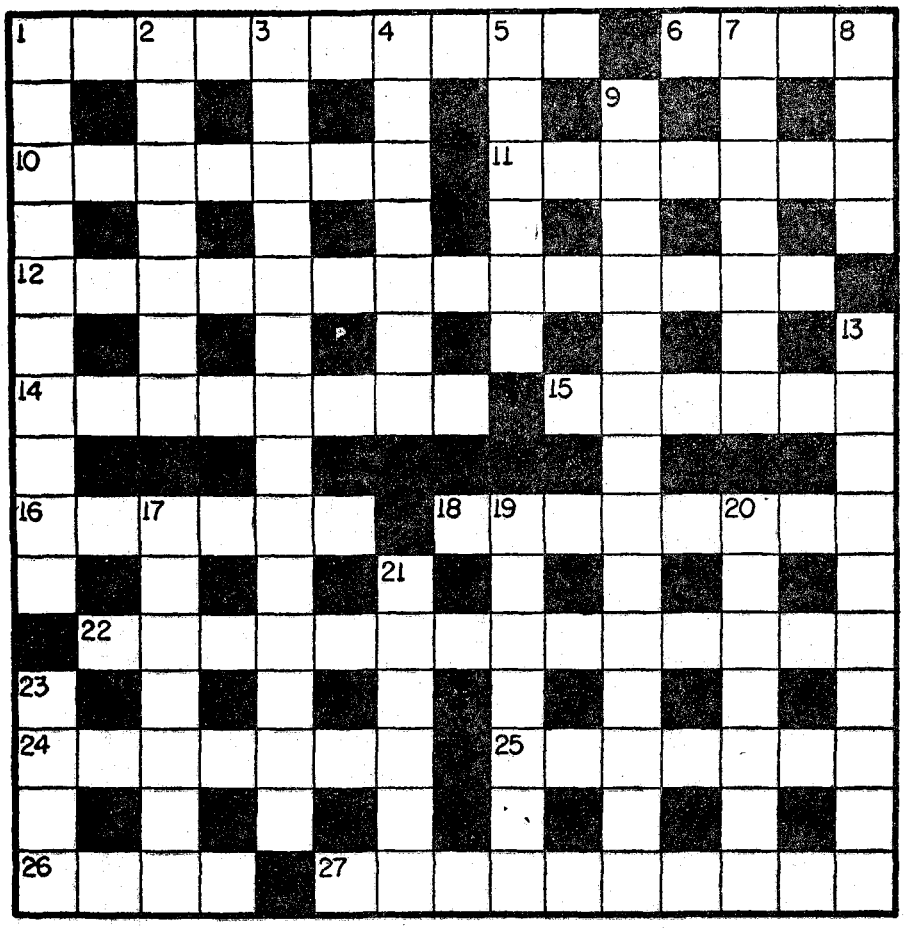
Crossword Puzzle No. 944

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The barren sort complain about water in it, perhaps. (10)
6 and 26 Theater box, used for display? (8)
10 Bothers Andromache with 8. (7)
11 Stop the local sort's taking on so loudly. (4, 3)
12 See 17 down
14 Peerless ties. (8)
15 In Rome, letters can be scrambled. (6)
16 Early fascist? (6)
18 See 17 down
22 Minces cities if not quite systematic. (14)
24 Set bored, but not embarrassed, by medicine. (7)
25 Old Republican song about a bone. (7)
26 See 6 across
27 Mixtures of set incomes? (10)

DOWN:

1 He's in back with little Sally's practice sessions. (10)
2 Shut up in the churchyard. (7)
3 Poems, sir, for false lovers! (6, 8)
4 Who saves an old thing given to the prompter? (7)
5 Did Browning put it before me? Never! (6)
7 Too confused to cry about it! (4, 3)
8 See 17
9 North Carolina's must be too big for South Dakota. (5, 9)
13 Litters some of us on getting up? (10)
17, 8 down, 18 across, and 12 across The meaning is not that Calpurnia shouldn't stoop to mistrusting her husband! (7, 4, 6, 2, 5, 9)
19 The last drop of the pale brew? (7)
20 No court appearance if you do fade badly with December in January! (7)
21 Ohio river where one might get to sit and coo. (6)
23 It's in the picture. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 943

ACROSS: 1 Handwriting; 9 Buttress; 10 Bigamy; 11 Crystal; 12 Scathed; 14 Accord; 15 Broached; 17 Ganglion; 20 Satrap; 22 Against; 24 Ambrose; 26 Gleans; 27 Panaceas; 28 Measureless. DOWN: 2 Art is long; 3 Die-hard; 4 Rest; 5 Tobacco; 6 Night; 7 Cupric; 8 Ampere; 13 Ebony; 16 Cataracts; 18 Angels; 19 Insists; 20 Seminal; 21 Assuan; 23 Image; 25 Spur.

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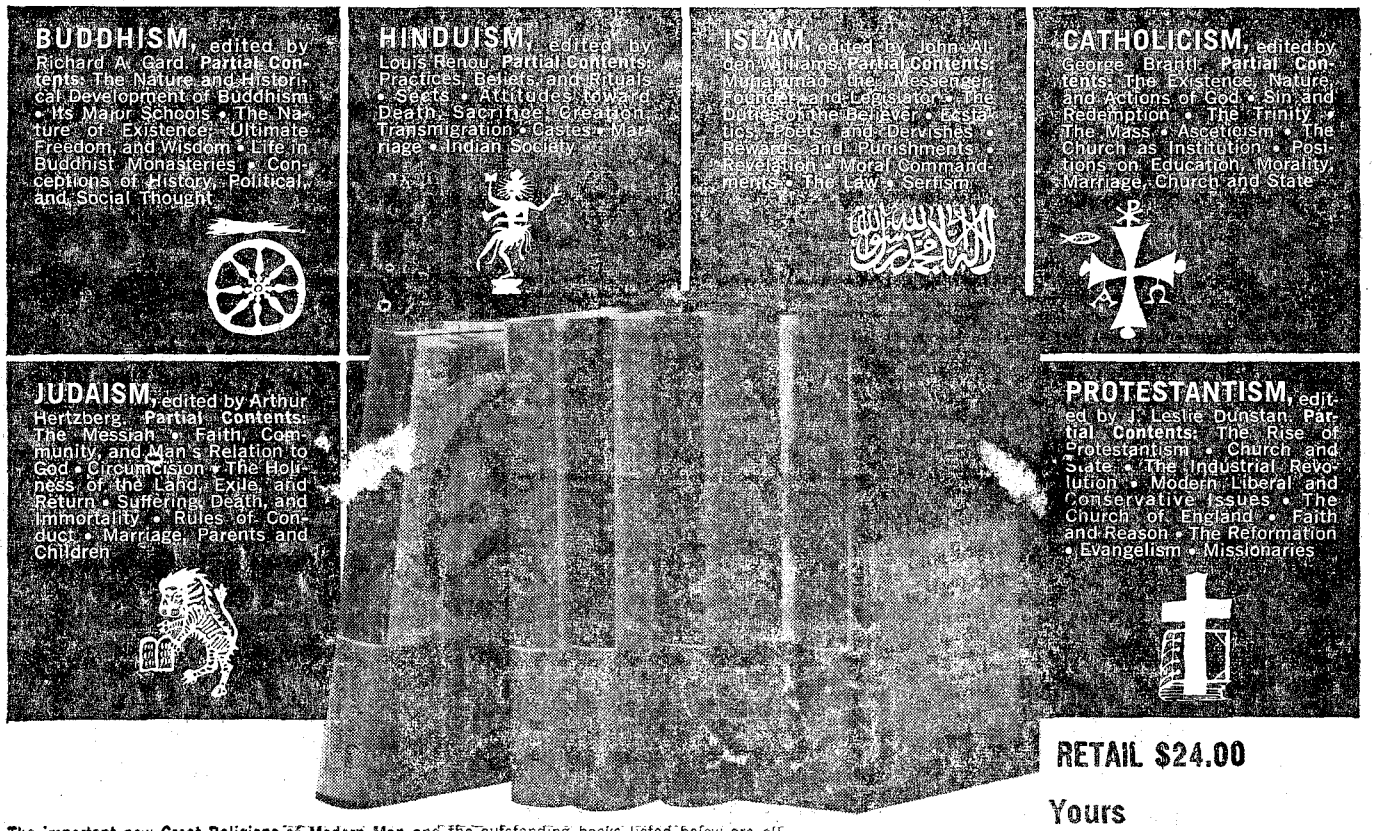
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